JOHN BULL, APRIL 15, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1713

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

THE STARS PAY HIM TO BEAT THEM!

DAN MASKELL, ***professional lawn tennis champion and coach at the all-England Lawn Tennis Club, Wimbledon, trains nearly all the big players—below he lets you into a secret!***

Here's Dan getting ready for one of those slashing returns that make—or break—champions.

'My work is playing tennis and in my spare time I like to golf, swim or ski — so you see I lead a pretty strenuous life. And both when I'm working on the courts or when I'm just taking exercise for pleasure I find Cadburys Milk Chocolate invaluable. My lunch invariably consists of one light dish and a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. And between sets when I get a bit peckish and need something which is nourishing without being heavy I again turn to Cadburys. I find Cadburys wonderfully energy-building and easily digested — and of course it tastes good! It's a real pleasure to eat.'

Miss ADELE PERRICK, typist, tells you what SHE thinks of Cadburys Milk Chocolate

'I can't get out for a mid-morning glass of milk — but I get the same nourishment by eating a block of Cadburys Milk Chocolate — and my, but it tastes good.'

Miss Perrick knows that there's a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in every half-pound block of Cadburys.

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE builds your energy

YOU may not be a tennis champion but whatever your job — or your pastime — life to-day makes heavy demands on your energies. To meet those demands successfully you need a bit of extra nourishment, and for nourishment to the square inch there's nothing like Cadburys Milk Chocolate. There's a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in every ½ lb. block — that's why it's so *satisfying* and so *good*. Remember too that a 2 oz. block costs only 2d. It slips easily into pocket or handbag — an ever-ready energy-making snack.

2oz 2D

CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE

. . . feeds you on your feet

Clark Gable in a scene from M. G. M.'s "Idiot's Delight."

"IT GAVE ME THE JITTERS"

said Clark Gable, when he had to learn to dance for the new film "Idiot's Delight." Read his frank confession, and see the intimate on-the-set shots in "Picturegoer," just out. Also in this grand number is a straight-from-the-shoulder article by Bette Davis, on Screen Snobs. You'll want to read, too, the hints on How to Dress, by Adrian, the man who designs for many of the greatest stars. And don't miss in this issue, "Picturegoer's" exclusive Pattern Service which brings you patterns of fashions actually worn by the stars. Also remember to look for the beautiful full-page art plate portrait of Lew Ayres. Of course, this issue also contains the exciting behind-the-scenes gossip news and advance information which has helped to make "Picturegoer" the premier screen magazine, and the favourite of hundreds of thousands of film goers. Get your copy of "Picturegoer" to-day. 2d. as usual.

PICTUREGOER

JUST OUT—2D.

SHE always tried to keep her little home as bright as possible, and when she noticed that the passage needed a clean, she was soon busily scrubbing away.

After she had finished her task she felt pain in one of her fingers, and when it began to swell she hurried to the doctor.

Examination quickly revealed a splinter in her finger—a splinter from the floor of the passage. The doctor managed to remove part of the splinter, but later the finger had to be lanced. She was removed to hospital, where, despite every attention, she died from blood poisoning.

"JOHN BULL'S" PROMPT CHEQUE

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. Florence Williams, of 40, Janet Street, Splott, Cardiff. As Mrs. Williams was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for fatal home accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

"JOHN BULL" YOUR SAFEGUARD

In addition to providing numerous other Benefits, "John Bull" is still *the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFIT.*

£522 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £522 6s. 2d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household and Sickness Benefits	£266	6	2
Accident Benefits—Adults...	£144	0	0
Children's Accidents ...	£112	0	0
	£522	6	2

Here are more letters received from readers—letters that are typical of the big mail received almost daily:

A BOON

"Thank you for the cheque which I received from your free insurance. Little did I realise what a boon it was for me to be able to replace the clothing, goods, etc., which were burnt."
G. H., Cardiff.

"ONE OF THE BEST"

"I was glad to receive your letter and cheque, for which I am exceedingly grateful. I think your scheme is one of the best I have come into contact with."
S. E., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HELP TO PREPARE ANOTHER HOME

"Allow me on behalf of my wife and myself to thank you ever so much for the Benefit allowed me through your wonderful Insurance Scheme, which will help us to prepare another home. I shall always be a registered reader of your paper. Thanking you."
H. G. R., Mountain Ash.

FRIEND IN NEED

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives you a real sense of protection. In your daily round you are often brought face to face with unsuspected risks and dangers, and it is a great relief and comfort to think that if misfortune does come your way—"John Bull" will prove a "friend in need"—a friend to whom you can turn, confident of ready and open-handed assistance.

If you have not yet registered for this great Family and Home Security Gift, do so AT ONCE on the forms below.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 15/4/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature. Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

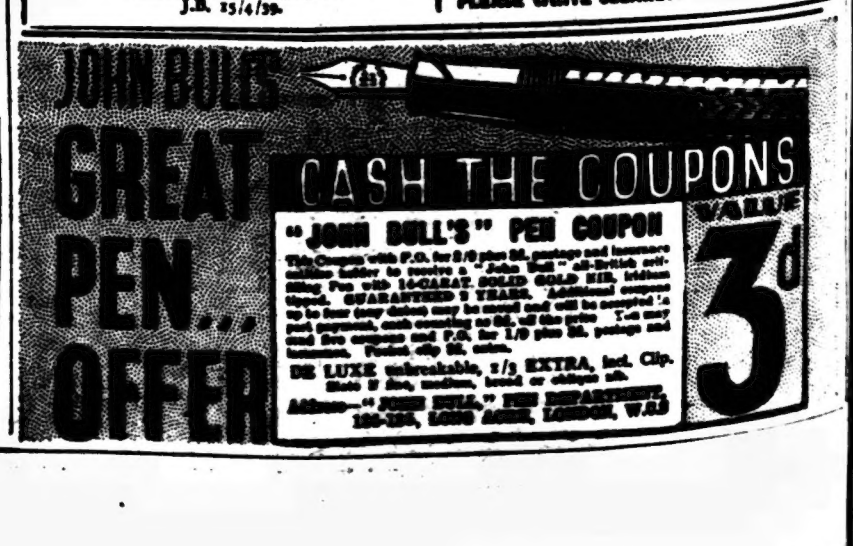
.....

.....

Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15/4/39.



CARPET BARGAINS

9/

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- extra, we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Production" Remnants of REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS Suitable for Dining, Drawing, Bedroom etc. hard-wearing quality. Ideal Bargain Catalogue post free. Carpets are bordered, in 60 Turkey patterns and harmonising shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Ring to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 3 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/-. Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (T.B.), Weekley Road, Leeds.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

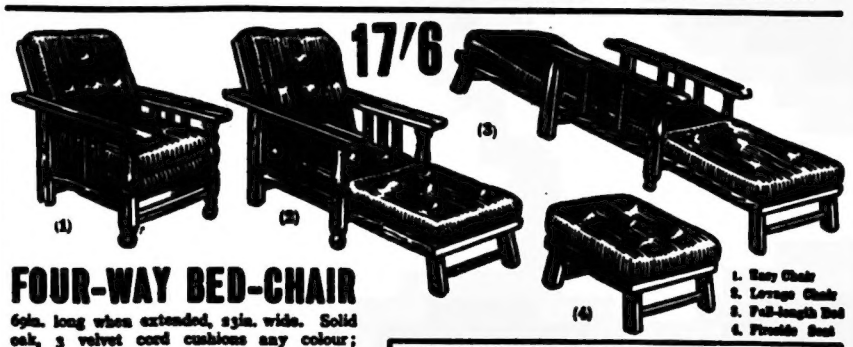
EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31.

HOOVER-REBUILT *Cleaner Bargains*

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES from £4

The actual makers of the Hoover Cleaner have for disposal a small quantity of Rebuilt Hoovers; taken in part exchange for new models. Easy Payments. Guaranteed. Write: Hoover Ltd., Dept. R.J., Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

SOUTH WESTERN SALE!



17/6

FOUR-WAY BED-CHAIR

6ft. long when extended, 23in. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly H.P. Carr. & Pack., E. & W., 2/6.

1. Easy Chair
2. Lounge Chair
3. Full-length Bed
4. Fireside Seat

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
82, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.1.

SOHO MYNA

Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 2½in. by 2½in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in crinkle black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera.

Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to
SOHO Ltd., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1

SOMETHING *NEW* IN CYCLE VALUES

My new lists show the most amazing bargains from 57/6 cash, or terms. Send a postcard for the finest free Cycle Catalogue of the year, also Coupon for FREE accessories.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD.
Dept. B, COVENTRY.

SPRING BULBS
AMAZING BARGAINS
100 GLADIOLI 1/9

Most glorious mixture of colours. 100 Gladioli in 5 Named varieties, 2/6. Lilium Regale, 25 enormous bulbs, 2/-. 100 Begonias, 50 single & 50 double, 2/6. Anemones De Caen, 1/6 per 100. Lilium Tumbilicum, 2/6 per 100.

All carr. labelled and well packed. Guaranteed to give complete satisfaction. We pay Carriage on orders over 5/-. Under, please add 6d. Deal with reliable Nurserymen.

GREAT WESTERN NURSERIES
(Dept. J.B.)
222, 272, WEST ROAD, HOUNSLOW WEST

PRISMATIC BINOCULARS

for **3/-** DEPOSIT

10 gn. MODEL FOR **75/-**

Exceedingly powerful Prism Binoculars by Lumière, Paris. 8x Magnification. Wide View. "Screw and Eyepiece Focus" Bending Bar. Damp and Dust Proof. Wonderful definition. Name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore. Complete in Brown English Leather Case with Sling. Send 3/- Deposit and 6d. for postage for Free approval. If satisfactory Balance payable 3/- monthly until 79/6 is paid or cash within 7 days 75/- only. Fully Illustrated List of Field and Prism Glasses Post Free.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B.122) 94-104, Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London, S.E.5.

NOW! The Greatest Achievement for the DEAF

Note the price —only 42/- per pair.

SMALLEST DEAF AID IN THE WORLD

The New Silver Min. No larger than a bean. Amazing power. Light and invisible. Fits right in the ear. No Batteries—No Wires—No Cost of Upkeep. Test it and judge for yourself. Immediately gives better hearing, also, by means of a new device, improves the hearing.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Send name and address for 30 Days' Free Trial.—D. & J. HILL, LTD., New Appliance Dept., 96A, Oxford St., London, W.1 (over Oxford Cir. Tube Stn.). (Hours 10 to 6, Sats. 10 to 1.)
Supplied under National Health Benefit.

DON'T BUY IT—TRY IT

Choose from the WORLD'S BEST ACCORDIANS

CARLO-ROSSI
HOHNER, TONELLA, Etc.

HAWAIIAN GUITAR OUTFITS, UKULELE-BANJOS, MANDOLINES, DRUMMERS' KITS, "KANSAS" TRUMPETS, CONCERTINAS, ETC. ALSO BINOCULARS AND FIELD GLASSES.

All obtainable on attractive H.P. Terms.

Write for Lists—
J. J. VICKERS & SONS, LTD.,
DEPT. B, 90-92, ROYAL HILL, LONDON, S.E.10.

FREE BUILDINGS

Also 3/- in £ REDUCTION. Write for full details. Buildings in sections. Easily bolted. On approval. Prompt despatch. Carr. Paid. FREE Catalogues:

GARAGES	£5 0
GARDEN SHEDS	£3 10
GREENHOUSES	£3 10
HEATERS	£3 10
AVIARIES	£3 10
ARMY HUTS, ETC.	£3 10

THORNS LTD.
(Dept. 82), Brampton Road, BEXLEYHEATH, KENT.
MANCHESTER OFFICE: (Dept. 82), 26, CORPORATION ST.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

The GRAVES "EPWORTH" patent combined Washer and Wringer eliminates toil from wash-day, and saves you all Laundry charges. It washes every thing thoroughly and quickly, and does not injure dainty fabrics. Large capacity tank, newest pattern cast Pontiac Metal Agitator, brass draw-off tap, wringer fitted with 14-inch solid rubber rollers, single screw cantilever adjustment, covered cog wheels, reversible clamps, two-way water drain, mangling board. Finished in mottled Blue spray enamel. Carr. Paid. Yorkshire 5/- monthly.

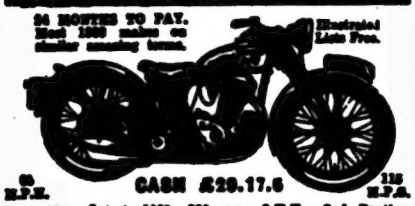
5/- Monthly

CASH **£4**

CATALOGUE sent Post Free
J. B. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NEW MOTOR CYCLES YOURS FOR 60/ FITTED SPEEDOMETER TAXED NO EXTRAS

24 MONTHS TO PAY. Most 1939 makes on similar amazing terms.



Illustrated Lists Free.

CASH £29.17.6

Examples: Latest 1939 250 o.h.v. O.E.V. Red Panther, 60/-. Ride Away.—Complete dyno lighting, taxed, fully equipped, ready for the road! 2,000 other new and used bargains. Highest exchanges motor cycle or cycle.

PRIDE & CLARKE LTD
158, STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.9.

SURGICAL BELTS FOR WOMEN

MRS. BARTON, THE WELL-KNOWN SURGICAL BELT SPECIALIST OF LONDON, has a Price List of select belts for dropped abdomen, post-operation cases, umbilical (navel) hernia, prolapsus and general abdominal weakness, etc. SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION. The Belt illustrated can be supplied for 21/- in flesh or grey coutil. Send your measurement around the top, centre and lower abdomen. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT DELIGHTED. I have given new life to many women, why not to you? Personal fittings by appointment.

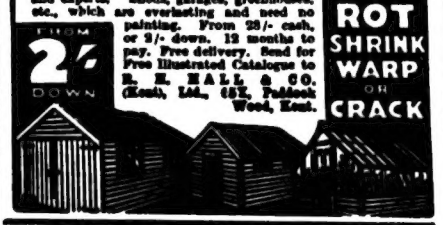
MRS. BARTON, Surgical Belt Specialist
(Dept. Q2), 121, Kingsway, London, W.C.2
Cut this out for future reference.

QUICK-CUTTING GARDEN SCYTHE

FREE! SPECIAL SHARPENER FOR SCYTHE INCLUDED FREE NEXT 7 DAYS

Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor edge tempered steel 9-in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW 3/- P.O., Cheque or English Stamps to:
Wm. PENN, Ltd. (Dept. A8), 823, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

THE *Original* ROT-PROOF CEDARWOOD



For beautiful buildings in genuine Western Red Cedar, come to the pioneers and experts. Sheds, garages, greenhouses, etc., which are everlasting and need no painting. From 28/- cash, or 2/- down. 12 months to pay. Free delivery. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue to R. H. HALL & CO. (Kent), Ltd., 157, Paddock Wood, Kent.

Keeps RED TILE FLOORS a RICH red

To maintain the colour and charm of your Red Tile and Red Composition Floors use Cardinal Polish. Gives a lovely rich red finish immediately. Also excellent for Front Steps, Window Sills, Cement Paths, etc.

Will not wash off in the rain
Also in Cream, White, Green, Buff and Transparent.
(Of all Dealers) CP/BS/3

CARDINAL POLISH
Chiswick Products Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.4

RETAILERS!

Increase your Sales by this *Proved* Method.

Local trade is limited, so why not sell your goods direct to the public by post—the modern method of trading? Whether your business is large or small, an advertisement in "John Bull's" "Shop Window" will enable you to reach out for trade on a national scale—reach millions of prospective buyers everywhere. Why not make "John Bull" your salesman?

For particulars and rates, write on business letterheading to:—

The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 29, 87/89, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GET that SUTCLIFFE StoreSHED NOW!

FROM MONTHLY **3/8**

Orders S.S. For Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, garden fittings, Mowers, Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Radios, Records, Toys, Games, Furniture, Linoleum, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Blankets, Sheets, Cutlery, Tools, Hardware, Paints, Wallpapers, Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Fruit Trees, Rose Trees, Shrubs, Fencing, Poultry Netting, Wire Netting, Tarpaulins, Cement, Glass, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Distempers, Enamels, Stains, Brushes, Sundries, Etc.	Delivered on first payment. Long With. Each	Cash or 12 pts.
	10/- 6/- 2/6	2/6
	20/- 12/- 5/-	5/-
	30/- 18/- 7/6	7/6
	40/- 24/- 10/-	9/10
	50/- 30/- 12/6	12/6

Send for Free Catalogues. Garages £5/-, Greenhouses £3/-, Aviaries £3/-, Workshops £3/-, Poultry Cabins £3/-, Runabout Sheds £3/-, Poultry Netting 2/- per yd., Kennels £3/-, Sports Pavilions £5, Summer Houses £3/5.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 52, Wood Top, Holmfirth, Huddersfield. London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1

How to Stop Smoking

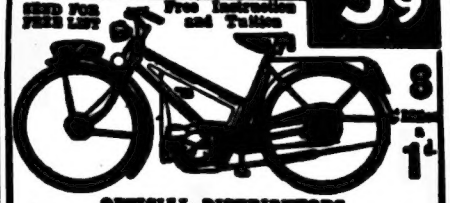
FREE TREATISE WORTH POUNDS

Thousands of genuine, entirely unsolicited testimonials from grateful men and women who have been quickly freed from the tobacco habit by the help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. What the Stanley Treatment has done for others it can do for you. A grateful man writes: "Now I have not the slightest inclination for smoking. I consider your Treatment the best investment I have ever made." If you wish to break the Tobacco Habit, write to-day for the Famous Treatise, "Tobacco Remedy and the Way Out," which has caused so much comment. Send free and without obligation. It will cost you nothing and save you pounds, so write to-day.

THE STANLEY INSTITUTE Ltd. (Dept. S.S.57) Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4

MOTORISED CYCLES TAXED & INSURED 3/9

SEND FOR FREE LIST Free Instruction and Tuition



8 STONE 1/4

OFFICIAL DISTRIBUTORS.

TAX 3/6 monthly. Insurance 7/6 per yr. Powers wonderful motorised cycles, cash prices from £27.17.6, are extremely economical for business or pleasure. Get you there without effort, easily handled. Finance cycle terms as part payment, allowances up to £6. We have a few second-hand models from £4.

JAMES GROSE LTD., 379 EUSTON RD.

MEN! FROM 16 to 60 YEARS OF AGE

LET ME VIRILE

You Can Have—

HAROLD LAURANCE

Undefeated Triple Strength Champion of Great Britain and Official Olympic Games Representative, who brought more than 50,000 Men from Weakness to Super Strength and Health in the last 18 months, offers £1,000 in prizes to readers who take the "World-Beater" Course

POWER - CONFIDENCE
STRENGTH - HEALTH
PERFECT PHYSIQUE
TIRELESS ENERGY
and PERFECT MANHOOD

Such as you have never enjoyed before if you follow my advice for only a

Few Minutes a Day

HERE is a clarion call to every man—a golden opportunity for all between the ages of 16 and 60 to gain glorious health, wonderful strength and superlative physique in 1939. Nothing like the "WORLD-BEATER" course offered to-day by Harold Laurance—world-famous for his astounding successes in converting weak men of all ages into "Supermen"—has ever before been seen.

Simple to follow, with no special diets, and requiring in some cases only 10 minutes and never more than 20 minutes of time every day, it can lift the weakest, thinnest man from physical mediocrity to the very pinnacle of perfection. It shows pupils how to rid themselves for ever of such troublesome complaints as indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad circulation, anæmia, pimples, bad breath, etc. It teaches the care of the vital organs so that perfect health may be preserved throughout life. It reveals the true secrets of respiratory power and scientific muscle-manipulation. It directs the pupil how to systematically increase his bodyweight where desired and increase his muscular development to the very limit of his possibilities. Every pupil is under the personal care of Harold Laurance; each lesson is personally prescribed to suit the pupil's individual requirements; every pupil is supplied with a splendid assortment of apparatus FREE; and every pupil is guaranteed SUCCESS under Harold Laurance's amazing declaration:—

"Enrol for my 'WORLD-BEATER' course," he says, "complete the 8 lessons and if at the end of that period you are not fully satisfied that you have reached 'Supermanity' I WILL CONTINUE TO TRAIN YOU AND SUPPLY APPARATUS —WITHOUT ANY CHARGE WHATSOEVER —UNTIL YOU ARE COMPLETELY SATISFIED."

Free APPARATUS

is sent to Every Pupil—IT INCLUDES THE

LAURANCE STAMINATOR

(The Greatest Body-Building Appliance of All Time), Giant Spinal Developers, Triple Resistance Units, Wrist Units, etc.

The "Laurance Staminator" is the most advanced of all Body-Building Appliances and capable of the greatest range of muscle-making and tendon-strengthening movements ever devised—some so gentle as not to fatigue the weakest beginner—some so severe that a professional strong man can do no more than a few repetitions. Yet it is self-contained, needs no fixing, and can be used in the smallest room. All Appliances are Free to "World-Beater" Pupils and become their own Property—there's nothing "extra"—only 1/- per week.

READ THIS —The Certified PROOF of what I have done for 65,000 PUPILS IN THE LAST 18 months—LET ME DO THE SAME FOR YOU IN 1939.

11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. 13th January, 1939.

The Laurance Institute of Health & Stamina Ltd., 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Dear Sirs,

In accordance with your instructions, we have examined the reports sent to you by your pupils during the period from 1st June, 1937, to date, and we certify that the number of testimonials as to health benefit and increased physical measurements due to your training is sixty-five thousand two hundred and sixty (65,260).

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Greenhalgh, Sharp & Co.

£1,000 IN PRIZES

★ **Two 1st PRIZES of £100, Two 2nd PRIZES of £25, Two 3rd PRIZES of £15.**

EVERY MONTH A CHANCE TO WIN ONE OF THE 157 PRIZES OF £10, £5, £1, also Medals and Diplomas.

● Every Pupil taking the "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE at 1/- per week is eligible for the Grand Award of £100. Every pupil has 9 separate chances of winning £10, £5, £1, a Medal or a Diploma. The same pupil can win an unlimited number of awards month by month.

● The prizes will be awarded on the progress reported by postal pupils in relation to each pupil's original measurements on joining. Thus all have a fair and equal chance.

● The Judges under this offer are Editor of "Health & Strength," Geo. Walsh and Frank Miles.

For Full Particulars Post Coupon on Opposite Page.

TAKE THE FIRST STEP TO

BUILD YOU A NEW BODY IN 1939

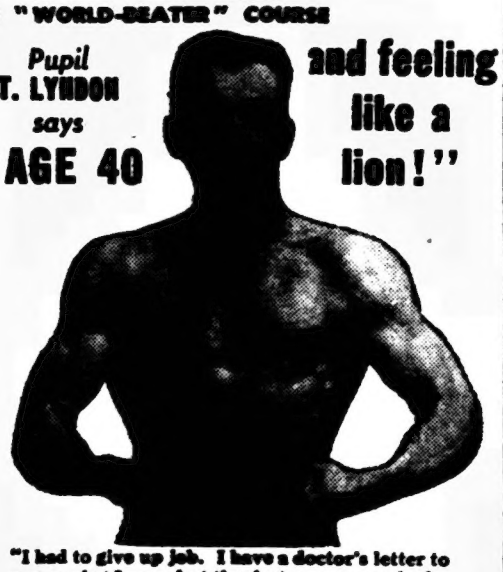
Look at these TRANSFORMATIONS

THESE ARE NOT MIRACLES—JUST NORMAL RESULTS FROM THE "WORLD-BEATER" COURSE

Remade in 28 days

Pupil A. Grayson, of Montreal, was thin and under weight. In 28 days the "World-Beater" Course increased his weight by 28 lb. and his chest by 9 ins. (World's record). In 2 months his weight was increased by 40 lb.

Pupil T. LYNDON says "AGE 40 and feeling like a lion!"

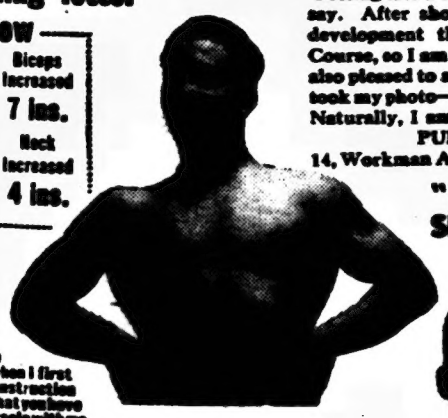


"I had to give up job. I have a doctor's letter to prove what I was—but thanks to your wonderful Course I am a new man and back at my old job. 'Feeling like a lion.' I owe you more than I can say. After showing my friends my muscular development they are all very keen for the Course, so I am enclosing their addresses. I am also pleased to say I enrolled the gentleman who took my photo—he was so amazed at my physique. Naturally, I am more than satisfied."

PUPIL T. LYNDON,
14, Workman Avenue, Springfield Road, Belfast.

Read pupil A. KNIGHT'S astounding letter below

Weight Increased	Biceps Increased
46 lbs.	7 ins.
Chest Increased	Neck Increased
12 ins.	4 ins.



"My Progress Is Little Short Of A Miracle"

Dear Mr. Laurance,

"Looking back to the time—eighteen months ago—when I first came to you for instruction it seems to me that you have performed a miracle with me. I am sure that no instructor has ever produced such 'before' and 'after' measurements as these:

	18 Months Ago.	To-day.
Weight	9st. 2lb.	12st. 6lb.
Chest	34in.	46in.
Biceps	9½in.	16in.
Forearm	9in.	13½in.
Thigh	18½in.	24in.
Calf	12½in.	16in.

Some of the increases are absolutely amazing, but I have plenty of people to verify their accuracy. My friends have told me that they could see an improvement from week to week. Your grateful pupil,

(Signed) A. C. KNIGHT."

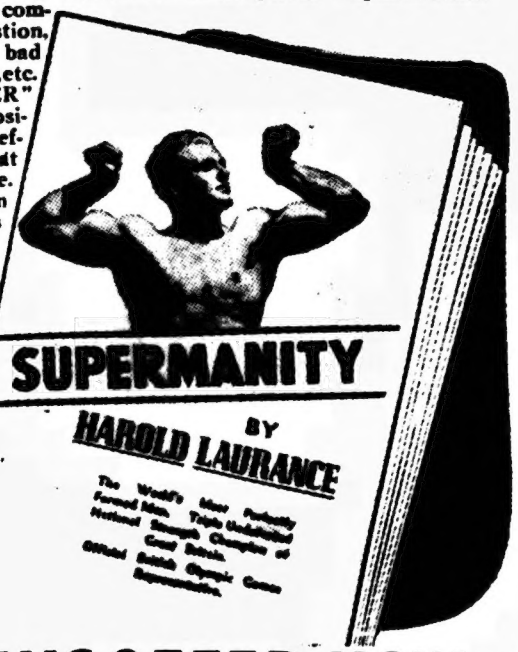
Pupil J. McCarthy, of Newport Mon., increased his weight by 21 lb. on the "WORLD-BEATER" Course. Other increases included 4½ in. on chest, 3 in. on biceps, 2 in. on forearms, 2½ in. on thighs.

Says Pupil J. McCarthy

The "World-Beater" COURSE OF HOME TRAINING is specially adapted to each Pupil's Needs . . . you, too, can say goodbye for ever to such complaints as:

- ★ INDIGESTION
- ★ CONSTIPATION
- ★ "NERVES"
- ★ CATARRH
- ★ LACK OF ENERGY
- ★ COLDS AND COUGHS
- ★ ANÆMIA
- ★ CIRCULATORY DISORDERS
- ★ OBESITY
- ★ UNDERWEIGHT
- ★ INFERIORITY COMPLEX

I HAVE prepared a Special Illustrated book telling how it is done, and I will send you a copy FREE. This Book is the most thrilling work on Physical Culture and Body Building ever written—packed with inspiring photographs, and real life stories of weaklings turned into giants of strength, it contains priceless information and body-building secrets never before disclosed. Send for your FREE copy to-day. More than 50,000 Eminent Doctors, Members of the Army, Navy and Air Force, Professional Men, Business Men, Clerical and Manual Workers, Golfers, Footballers, in fact men in every walk of life are to-day living testimony to what the "WORLD-BEATER" Course of Home Training at only 1/- a week cost will do for YOU. Make 1939 YOUR Year. Send for Particulars of this Wonderful Method of becoming a Superman—Admired by Women, Respected by Men. Whatever your present condition, do not hesitate. Many of the 50,000 were absolute weaklings—now transformed to men of might. Most had tried other means of securing Health, Strength and increased Body-Weight, but it was the "WORLD-BEATER" Course which gave them the results they wanted. It consists of 8 complete lessons. Detailed instructions are given on weakening complaints and habits. There is no special diet, but pupils are shown how to double the value of ordinary foods. The newly evolved and wonderfully effective tendon strengthening movements are included. Special instructions on scientific muscle-manipulation, the control of nervous energy, the strengthening of the vital organs and the preparation of the body for maximum muscular development are all part of this gigantic Course. The range of scientific exercises for the rapid development of great strength and muscular symmetry is the greatest and most comprehensive ever compiled. Pupils are also taught how to overcome common ailments — indigestion, constipation, catarrh, bad breath, pimples, anaemia, etc. The "WORLD-BEATER" Course transcends in positive value and amazing effectiveness anything that the world has seen before. And there is £1,000 in Cash and Other Prizes Open to All Pupils. 157 Prizes every month.



FREE to all Men Readers of 'John Bull'

ACCEPT THIS OFFER NOW

Please send me—FREE OF COST OR OBLIGATION—a copy of your illustrated book "Supermanity," full particulars of your "WORLD-BEATER" course of home training at 1/- per week and details of your great £1,000 Prize Plan. Also send me—FREE OF COST—a copy of your Autographed Prize Winning Pose Photograph.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

To **HAROLD LAURANCE**
Laurance Institute of Health and Stamina Ltd.
LUDGATE HOUSE, 110, FLEET STREET, LONDON

Post in unsealed ½d. STAMPED envelope. J.B. 15/4/39.

SUPERMANITY POST THIS NOW!

If STANLEY HOLLOWAY offered you a cigarette, it would be a

De Reszke — of course!

DE RESZKE **MAJORS**

EXTRA LARGE — EXTRA MILD

10 for 6d

If you prefer a smaller* cigarette

Ask for

MINORS

10 for 4d. • 15 for 6d.

Cork tipped mild Virginia — or plain

* *'The ten-minute smoke for intelligent folk'*

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 ● Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

THE DICTATORS DON'T WANT WAR

HANG on to this fact in the present turmoil. Neither Germany nor Italy has developed an A.R.P. system comparable to ours (even though ours is as yet an amateurish makeshift).

Only in a few Rhineland towns has Germany any anti-aircraft dug-outs. Italy has none at all.

Not Wanted

Does that look as if the Axis is preparing for an inevitable war?

Does that suggest that the Dictators are ready and willing for *Der Tag?*

Choosing the Weak

Two more points. Hitler has often admitted that the British Navy is the best in the world. Mussolini acknowledges that the French Army is the most formidable of all.

The moral of that? It is this: A footpad may steal pennies from a child, but he thinks twice before attempting to rob a strong man—or anybody guarded by a strong man.

They're Clever

The Dictators can get so much by guile—indeed, they could get so much by honest negotiation—that they would be imbeciles to plunge Europe into war.

They are not imbeciles. They are wily, cunning, shrewd schemers who use their fists only when they know their victim is weak and friendless, as Czecho-Slovakia and Albania were weak and friendless.

Take heart from that.

Unity and Strength

We are back now, with a vengeance, to Collective Security. To support that policy we must have within our own frontiers national unity and national strength.

The first step in that direction, it seems certain, will be a sweeping Government reconstruction.

No Coalition

But don't expect Labour to join a coalition. Unity does not mean the absence of an effective Opposition.

That way lies Fascism.

● *Welcome the big plan to find men work on the land. But it's not half big enough!*

Eden Blossoms Afresh

Nor is Mr. Churchill certain of a place in the new Cabinet. But Mr. Eden is—despite his recent somersaults.

Apart from the Foreign Office—now so capably occupied by Lord Halifax—there is no post for which Mr. Eden is obviously suited. But he has box-office attraction.

So in he'll go.

Mr. Robert Hudson—as we predicted months ago—will also be one of the lucky ones to get Cabinet rank.

Election Date

Some think we shan't have another appeal to the country for a long, long time. Certainly, if there were a grave national emergency, the election might be put off indefinitely by Act of Parliament.

But Conservative headquarters are working at present for a November election.

Compulsion Campaign

Ministers have turned down conscription, have rejected even the idea of a compulsory national register. They have met the demand for a stronger Britain by doubling the Territorial Army.

For the moment this decision has damped down the campaign among Conservative M.P.s for compulsion.

Waiting Their Chance

But don't think it's been extinguished. At the slightest sign that the required numbers for the Territorials are not rolling up, the demand for compulsion will revive.

And it will be led from within the Cabinet. JOHN BULL knows certain Ministers who would like it even now.

Hurrying on Defence

Proposals for a Ministry of Supply, too, come from within as well as outside the Cabinet. The Prime Minister has indicated that he is considering it. JOHN BULL predicts that it will come to pass.

Slow Motion

Unemployment figures improve—but far from fast enough.

New arms programmes, new plans for shipping, shipbuilding, and agriculture will undoubtedly make work.

More money will also be given for starting factories in the distressed areas.

Rates Stupidity

While householders grumble about higher rates, councils grumble about A.R.P. grants.

Take a few adjoining districts in Essex. Hornchurch gets only 6s a head of its population; Wanstead, 11s. 8d.; Romford, 19s. 6d.; Ilford, 23s. 1d.

There may be reason for some differentiation, but hardly for such wide disparities. And where the grant is low, ratepayers must foot the bill.

Dirty Work

Worse unfairness is perpetrated by councils themselves.

Many people are encouraged to buy houses by low "provisional rates assessments." Directly an estate is well developed, the assessments go up sky-high.

On the Run

Eleven men and two women, believed by Scotland Yard to be associated with the I.R.A. bombing campaign, are known to have fled to Eire.

Among them is the second-in-command of the I.R.A. in Britain.

Warrants for their arrests were recently taken to Eire for execution.

It has been suggested that the Free State police placed obstacles in the way of arrest

That is not true. The wanted people will be arrested and brought to England *—as soon as they can be found.*

Leakage

But there has been a leakage of official information. Before the warrants were received in Dublin the fugitives knew—and disappeared.

Now Scotland Yard's task is to discover the informer.

Fares Loaned

Our skilled building workers, mainly carpenters, can get two years' guaranteed work in New Zealand. Wages are at least 2s. 9d an hour, and a loan is made for the fare—to be repaid within a year.

This is the plan to enable New Zealand to cope with its housing shortage.

What's our Government doing about our own housing shortage? Trying to forget it, of course.

Legion on the Warpath

However, JOHN BULL has no intention of allowing foreign affairs to shelve domestic problems. Nor, we're glad to see, has the British Legion.

Its Whitsun conference will assail the Means Test. Sons and daughters of thousands of ex-Servicemen are having to keep their unemployed parents, so these young folk cannot save up for marriage.

Middle-age Pensions

The Legion will also renew its demand for pensions for men prematurely aged by war service.

Many of these men have little chance of finding work: proposal is that they should be pensioned.

Yes, it should be done. We'd like to believe that it will be done.

Tea and Sugar Taxes May be Increased

IT will be a hard Budget.

No one apart from Sir John Simon—not even the Prime Minister—as yet knows its main provisions.

But we warn you that your tea and sugar may cost you more.

For it is probably significant that, many weeks ago, all withdrawals from bond of tea, sugar, glucose and molasses were restricted to one-eighth of the quantities allowed before last year's Budget.

Higher tea and sugar duties would be unpopular.

But we think the public would tolerate them if convinced that the national finances demanded further sacrifices.

What the public will not allow—should necessities be taxed still more—is for rich and unscrupulous persons to continue to dodge their fair share of taxation.

Sir John Simon's half-hearted attempt last year to stop tax evasion saved only a few millions. Scores of millions a year are still being lost to the Exchequer.

Unless he announces a real attack on the dodgers this time, we promise you that we'll attack Sir John in a way that he won't relish.

- **Is Youth Ignorant of War?**
- **Cheering Up Mother**
- **Ban on Friends**

Voice of the People

WE forgive the young people of to-day many of their faults because "they were brought up in the shadow of the Great War."

Nonsense. They know little or nothing about it.

A youth of 19 has just asked me: "Who won the war? Was it a draw? Did the soldiers just stop fighting each other and go home?"

And youths without number believe that it was Germany that declared war on Britain.—James Taylor, Pope Avenue, Conanby, Conisboro', near Doncaster.

If youth knows little about the Great War—and we believe reader Taylor's experience is exceptional—it has been hard enough hit by the consequences.

Mother's Thanks

We have a little girl who was born epileptic. The School Attendance Officer suggested that it would be kinder to her if we let her go to a special home to receive her education. We felt very heavy-hearted.

The Doncaster Education Committee told us: "Take her to the home yourself, and don't leave her unless you feel absolutely satisfied."

I cannot tell you what wonders that school has done for our little girl, how overwhelmingly happy she is. She spends her holidays with us, and we don't have to tell the very wonderful matron when we are calling on her.

The school is the Kyppin Taylor Home, near Liverpool. All that the Doncaster Education Committee asks us to pay is 1s. 6d. a week.

Perhaps you think I am writing on a very trivial matter—one girl, one school. But it may cheer up people who once felt as heartbroken as we did.—Mrs. F. E. T., Summer Lane, Wombwell, Barnsley.

Also, it may teach a much needed lesson to certain other local authorities and schools!

Youth Army

What would be the size of our permanent conscript army if all youths of, say, 19, were given six months' military training?—J. N., Hammersmith, W.

We have 266,500 boys of nineteen, many of them already regulars or "Terriers," others who would be exempt for occupational reasons and not a few who would be unfit for service. Answer is therefore: "About 80,000."

Friends Forbidden

I was staggered to read that Ipswich magistrates had advised two young girls not to be friends or even speak to each other in the street.

That will start an enmity that will grow with the years.

How much better if they had been advised to shake hands and bury the hatchet.—W. F. Tutton, 141, Jersey Avenue, Brislington, Bristol.

Such judgments are not always the end of the matter. For instance, if the woman probation officer is able to go to the court and say the girls want to be friends, and that no harm will come of such friendship—we think we know what the Bench would decide.

My picture shows how Oxfordshire is getting rid of cross roads. The roads in background and foreground used to meet.

Recently, however, each has been turned sharply to the left before it reaches the main road, which means that a vehicle must first slow down and then traverse 30 yards of major road before making a complete crossing.

Many of the most perilous crossings have been done away with in this way—and the results are already reflected in the road fatality figures.—F. R. W., St. Agnes Avenue, Bristol.

Miss P.C.s

Thanks for the excellent article on the women police, particularly for pillorying the stupid prejudice that exists against them because they are "something new."

There was just the same feeling against the introduction of men police in London, little over a century ago. Yet in London, at that time, there were 8,000 places where stolen property was regularly received.—J. Wilson, 7, York Road, Maghull, Liverpool.

To-day there are fewer than fifty regular receivers in London, and more than half of them are guests of His Majesty at the moment.

Man's View

Woman's work is never done, because women lack the power of organisation.

My wife, for instance—a wife in a million—makes fourteen trips to the pantry to lay the dinner-table. She could do it in two. Washing-up, too, takes a woman twice as long as it need.—R. Bramley, 208, High Street, Croydon.

Tests by psychologists show women to be no less systematic than men.

Check on M.P.s

I read in an evening paper recently that the House of Commons was comparatively empty as "no one had expected a debate on Czecho-Slovakia."

Why doesn't JOHN BULL publish a quarterly list of M.P.s' attendances, so that we know who to vote for.—A. H., Wattville Road, Birmingham, 21.

Because judging an M.P. on his attendances is wrong—like judging him on questions he asks. Many members who wear themselves out on committees, fighting the battles of their constituencies, etc., sometimes appear—judging by such statistics—to be doing less work than the sluggards.

Over Fifties

Reader Broad says that if youth could speak there would be no war.

But it is the youth of Germany who stand behind Hitler. The older people of the country look with apprehension at the path ahead along which he is leading them.—H. L. Fassam, 8, Syndale Place, Avenue Road, Ramsgate, Kent.

But minds of Germany's young people have been made up for them by leaders with average age of fifty.

No Christening

I went to Brighton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Gateshead, to arrange the christening of our second baby.

My wife has been a member of that church since she was tiny. We both went there when we were courting. We attended right up to the birth of our first child, two years ago.

We were refused the right to have this second child christened there because of that two years' absence, and I enclose a letter received later from the minister, the Rev. J. J. Smithen.—F. M. Hadnum, 10, Kilvin Grove, Gateshead.

The letter says: "People ought not to expect privileges from a church which at normal times they show no interest in." That may be so. But the party mainly concerned happens to be "one of the least of these My little ones"—a new-born babe.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

Answer the 'Phone, Postmaster-General!

IN the popularity of the telephone lies another reason why employers of domestic servants should be barred from asking for references.

To-day, one mistress will ring another and ask about a particular girl. Nothing is put in writing. Malice and spite can rise to supreme heights on such occasions.

I know. I have a friend who has known real hunger in the last few weeks because of the campaign of slander conducted on the phone by a woman to whom she gave good service for 2½ years.—Mrs. B. A., Cheam, Surrey.

MAKING an urgent telephone call from a kiosk to a hospital the other day, I couldn't hear a word said because a boy was roller-skating outside.

And when I pass other boxes, I hear the pennies drop quite distinctly. As most of these boxes are placed at busy points, surely in the interests of both privacy and efficiency they should be made sound-proof.—Mrs. Amy E. Legg, Mason's Place, Mitcham, Surrey.

EIGHT children—ages from 12 to 14—peered through the glass of the kiosk as I was telephoning.

Waiting for a reply, I opened the door for air. "Do you mind us watching, lady?" said a boy among them. "We want to see what you do."

I spoke to them afterwards. They were hungry for information as to how to use a telephone. Who knows how important this knowledge might be to them one day—perhaps to their careers.

Yet not one of them had ever been shown a telephone at school, much less taught to use one.—Miss H., Angel Street, Sheffield.

WHY can't the G.P.O. put in a prominent position in every telephone kiosk a list of hospitals, doctors and emergency services generally?

Scores of times every day valuable minutes are lost while people hunt through massive directories with fevered fingers. Many people must have lost their lives through the ensuing delays.—P. Yardley, Winsford, Cheshire.

HOW interesting that the P.M.G. is going to give us wireless over our telephones in war-time.

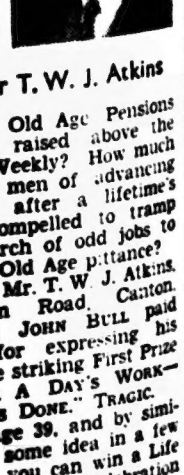
He can't even give us telephones—and this is peace-time.

A mile from the middle of South Shields and within 200 yards of six telephones, I—and others like me—have been waiting for phones for months.

Now (see letter from Post Office enclosed) we are told we must wait indefinitely.

Reason: Rearmament has produced a shortage of cable!—James Grant, Dartford Road, South Shields.

WHY OLD AGE PENURY?



Asks Reader T. W. J. Atkins

When are Old Age Pensions going to be raised above the meagre 10s. Weekly? How much longer must men of advancing years, weary after a lifetime's labour, be compelled to tramp round in search of odd jobs to augment the Old Age pittance?

So thought Mr. T. W. J. Atkins, 5, Wyndham Road, Canton, Cardiff. And JOHN BULL paid him £250 for expressing his opinion in the striking First Prize *Bullet*, AFTER A DAY'S WORK—WHEN "DAY'S DONE." TRAGIC.

Turn to page 39, and by similarly putting some idea in a few simple words you can win a Life Pension and glorious Celebration Week-end for Two.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

If the UNKNOWN WARRIOR could speak

THEY buried him among kings, not because he was illustrious, but because he was an ordinary man.

We call him the Unknown. Yet, because he was ordinary, his tomb is the best-known shrine in an empire.

And were he to speak to us—people as ordinary as he had been—kings and statesmen would deign to listen.

For the simple stone under which he lies does more than represent the men who lost even their names in war.

It bids us remember far-off fields of white slabs, row upon row, against which the poppies raise their scarlet heads like drops of the blood that streamed into the earth from the men who now rest there.

Would not the Unknown speak for them all, and do you not think that this is what he would say? . . .

I thought, and my comrades thought, that our sacrifice would be worth while.

Some of us fought for wives and children. Some because we wanted adventure. Some because we were forced to fight.

Though we fought in many armies and under many generals, we saw that the most successful army was commanded by Death.

So, in the end, we all of us fought to banish war from civilised lands.

Now, it is said, the legions of Death must be recruited afresh.

I am told that the sacred cause of justice calls for further and perhaps more abundant offerings of blood and life.

I AM told that aggression must be punished, that liberty must be saved, that respect for law demands enforcement.

And I listen and do not scoff. For I died to save justice and liberty, to punish tyrants, to establish order, and thus make war impossible.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WORSE EVEN THAN WAR. BUT BEFORE YOU DIE FOR THOSE IDEALS WHICH I ADMIRE, MAKE CERTAIN THAT YOU ARE INDEED FIGHTING TO UPHOLD THEM.

Did you strive for international justice before naked might had reappeared to alarm you?

Did you, and the Governments you placed in power, seek to remove the resentment that festered among the vanquished nations?

Rather was it the victors' greed and stupidity and fearfulness which helped aggressors to use that resentment.

YOU answer that all this belongs to the past. You say that mistakes must be forgotten in the face of the peril confronting you.

You have tried to appease the leaders who have exploited those errors. And you have been reviled and tricked.

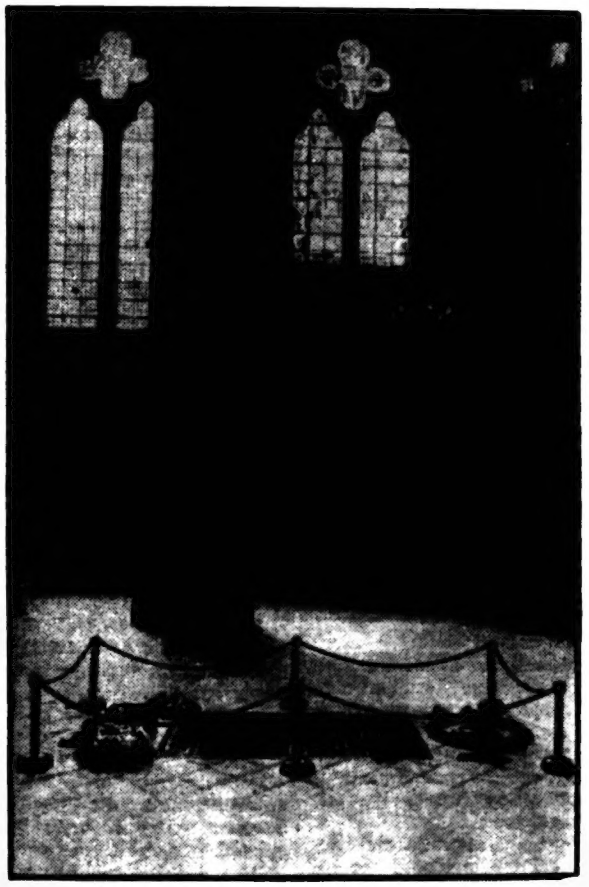
I say you were right in trying, however belatedly, to remedy wrongs. I say you should go on doing so rather than create fresh wrongs by weight of arms.

Do not let your pride be injured because your first efforts were met with ingratitude.

Justice does not call for gratitude, nor is it met by half measures.

Fight when you have tried in vain to secure the peaceful solution of difficulties. But do not fight until you have offered to discuss all differences and not only a few of them.

Do not fight because a country has a form of government you dislike, or because you want your form of government to be established throughout the world.



Unknown—must his message go unheeded ?

You are proud of democracy, and rightly so. But are there no evils and injustices in this democracy of ours?

Are there no unemployed, no slums, no hunger, no crime?

Be sure that Liberty will not be honoured by imposing your conditions upon others, as you accuse the German leader of doing.

Make sure, before you send others to be slaughtered as I was slaughtered, that he is not encouraged by the folly of your own leaders to use force to settle what he considers legitimate wrongs.

I apportion no blame, for all are to blame: those who maintained unfairness in the past and those who seek to create unfairness in the present.

But I claim the privilege to speak bluntly, for I voice the warning of ten million men who were killed to bring you peace.

It is we who have been betrayed.

Hosts of people, from the greatest to the lowliest, have come to my tomb to pay me homage.

But I know that often I am forgotten.

Now, when men look skywards with fear, when women dread lest their husbands and sons be torn from them, their infants seared by gases and maimed by bombs, I am remembered afresh.

I know that, when an invading army shattered a nation's independence a few months ago, pilgrims went in procession day and night past the tomb of my fellow Unknown Warrior in Prague.

I think of my comrade in Paris, one of 1,400,000 Frenchmen who thought that in death he would bring peace to millions of his own kind.

There is my ally of Belgium, chosen to represent his countrymen by a war-blinded soldier.

The Rumanian picked by an orphaned child, the Jugoslav chosen by the peasants.

In the United States, Poland, Portugal, Italy, too, you will find one of our number enshrined.

Yet I repeat that we have not always been in the minds of men.

ON ARMISTICE DAYS, YES. BUT FOR LONG MONTHS, YEAR AFTER YEAR, THE PRICE WE PAID WAS BUT DIMLY REMEMBERED BY THE MEN ELECTED BY YOU TO GIVE EFFECT TO YOUR WILL.

Even now, the purpose for which we died is distorted by those who, consciously or not, would inflame passions to the pitch of battle.

SO it was that when your Prime Minister visited the Italian Unknown Warrior's tomb he was censured by some of you in Britain.

By seeking to compose your differences with a dictator, it was said, he insulted the memory of the Italian soldier who died to save Liberty.

As though any of my comrades, whatever their language, fought to foster animosity, to ensure that one Government could not live at peace with another Government!

It was not for this that ten million men perished in four years.

But it is because of this spirit that I urge you not to resort to war unless all other means of composing quarrels have failed.

My comrades had courage, high ideals, and the will to make sacrifices.

In peace, also, those qualities are needed.

Show courage by realising that enduring peace is not easily secured.

Make sacrifices of the prejudices which have allowed grievances to foment.

Else you must set one group of nations against another, and that can result only in war.

It is up to you, the peace-loving people of my own country and of every other in Europe.

YOU MUST KNOW BETTER THAN WE WHO HAVE SLEPT UNEASILY FOR TWO DECADES AND MORE, THAT EVEN IN THE LANDS WHOSE RULERS ARE WAR-LIKE THE COMMON PEOPLE DESIRE PEACE ABOVE ALL THINGS.

Let that sustain you now, and you will not need to repeat the fate which I suffered.

Domestic Courts are a year old. But most of their officials are not yet—

MARRIAGE MENDERS

The romance she thought would never end is on the rocks. Sympathy, understanding, might save it. Will she get that in a Domestic Court?

Marriage should be undergoing the biggest overhaul of all time—but things aren't working out right.

For instance, as we showed last week, a year after divorce reform was introduced, thousands of unhappy couples are being cheated by high legal costs of the freedom that has become their due.

Then there are domestic courts, also a year old, which were going to mend all but the hopeless breaches between man and wife.

They, too, have failed in their major object. And this article shows why.

WHAT a wonderful vista was opened up by the departmental committee whose report led, just twelve months ago, to the formation of domestic courts!

Intimate proceedings between husbands and wives would be carried out in surroundings as informal as they could be made.

The parties would sit together at ease in front of the magistrates, as if at their own firesides. Court furniture would be rearranged to give an added air of homeliness.

Magistrates, approved for their ability to understand domestic troubles, would speak to the parties as if trying to reconcile old friends.

Gone would be the crowds who used to gape down from public galleries, and who enjoyed nothing more than the washing of dirty linen in public. Domestic hearings would be in private.

NOR would aggrieved husbands or wives be permitted to blurt out their first hasty recriminations in court, so making future happiness together impossible.

Those first words would be for the probation officers, men and women with a profound knowledge of mankind, whose first efforts would be to get the couples to kiss and be friends.

They would not always succeed, of course. But tempers would have cooled by the time matters reached court. And in the happy informality of domestic courts, with understanding people doing their best to make molehills look like molehills, anything might happen.

Such was the vista opened up by that departmental committee, and JOHN BULL rejoiced, because we had always fought for similar reforms.

Then, when its recommendations became law with very little alteration, we rejoiced even more.

But what has happened?

Well, a JOHN BULL representative has just made a round of domestic courts in the London area.

In one police court where he asked for the special room in which the domestic court was held, he was told: "Special room? Whatever need is there for a special room? It's held in here."

"Here" was a court-room of drab deal furniture. There was no attempt to hide the grim-looking rail at which prisoners stood, or the high, forbidding bench where the magistrate sat to take any and every case that came along.

The atmosphere was as much that of a criminal trial as if a row of terrorists was lined up at the dock rail and bombs were on exhibit.

After an illegitimacy case had dragged to its weary end, the Domestic Court was due to begin. Now for the rearranging of the furniture to create an air of informality!

An official looked round the public gallery to make sure that it was empty, a police constable pulled two chairs together in the well of the court, and through the door came a husband and wife to sit on those chairs—perhaps for the last time side by side.

It was a very ordinary case. The couple had married last August. The husband was alleged to have deserted his wife in December, and failed since to provide her with adequate support.

The grievances of those two young people were so apparent.

He believed that she had given most of his wage-packet to her father in the first week of their married life, and so had dealt meanly with her ever since.

She had grown to regard him as a man who wouldn't shoulder his financial obligations unless compelled by law.

ON THE ROCK OF A REAL—OR FANCIED—GIFT FROM DAUGHTER TO FATHER, A MARRIAGE HAD BROKEN.

The magistrate looked towards the probation officer, but the only response was a shake of the head and the words: "No, sir. It's hopeless, I'm afraid. I've tried and tried."

And so the law parted them.

Next came a couple who both admitted that life together was unbearable. Quarrels had become too frequent. And most of it was over drink.

The wife, firm-jawed, about thirty-five, said her husband would spend as much as 4s. 6d. of his £3 a week wages—"even 5s. or more!"—on drink.

"Did you say *five shillings*?" asked the magistrate, as if he had expected her to say at least two pounds.

BUT the husband wasn't going to agree even to that. "The trouble is that never in my married life has she wanted me to finish up a hard week's work with a single glass of beer," he said bitterly.

"And as for the quantity she mentions," he added, "that only happens on very good overtime weeks."

From the probation officer again: "Hopeless, I am afraid. I've tried and tried. Neither of them will listen to reason."

So the law parted that couple, too.

In both cases magistrate and probation officer had done their very best.

Yet one was left wondering whether Authority was doing its best in expecting two such problems to be thrashed out in that atmosphere.

One felt that a good, hard-headed Cockney housewife would have done far better by telling one couple: "Lor' luv us, my dear, my old man spends more than five bob on beer, and doesn't earn three pounds neether; but it's all right as long as he looks after me."

AND then telling the other: "Well, what if she did 'elp her old man? She's got to learn, 'asn't she? Tell her not to do it again without asking you, and take her 'ome."

Substitute for the hard-headed housewife somebody who understands married life just as profoundly, get the case put to the parties in a non-frightening atmosphere—that, after all, was the intention of the Act—and the effects might be excellent.

There was even less informality in a second Domestic Court visited.

THERE THE MAGISTRATE BROKE OFF OCCASIONALLY FROM ORDINARY POLICE HEARINGS TO TAKE DOMESTIC CASES.

Counsel hadn't turned up in one police case, so: "We'll take a domestic case. The court will now be private," commanded the magistrate.

The public gallery was cleared and two chairs dragged to the middle. A young husband and wife—the latter carrying a three-weeks-old baby born since they parted—slumped side by side.

The wife rocked her baby so that its face kept coming under the chin of her husband, as if determined that he should at least look at it.

And in that atmosphere another romance-that-used-to-be ended in parting, with the husband refusing to the end to look at his child.

Ah, but counsel has arrived. The two chairs are pushed aside. The proceedings are declared public. And the threads of the police case are taken up again.

That ended, it was found that a witness hadn't arrived in another case. So the Domestic Court was resumed.

More shuffling out of the gallery, production of the two chairs again, and another couple sit side by side to have their destinies decided.

Four times, in all, a police court became a Domestic Court in the space of a few seconds—just to fill in time.

We are not blaming the magistrates or any of the officials concerned. To hear these cases is to realise that they are doing their best in trying circumstances.

But these were London courts. One wonders what has become of the recommendation of the departmental committee that London should have its matrimonial cases decided at a few convenient centres.

The fact is that most of London's domestic cases are being taken in ordinary police courts, either sandwiched between ordinary cases or at the end of a day's work.

The moving forward of a couple of chairs is held sufficient in most cases to give that so-necessary air of informality!

In the provinces as a whole matters are just as bad.

In at least 50 per cent. of our provincial towns the procedure in domestic courts is very little different from that of the police courts.

WALSALL sets an example by using a private room with cheerful fire, a carpet, comfortable chairs set out informally. The atmosphere is one of sympathy and friendliness.

One or two friends of the parties are sometimes allowed to sit in the room! *And Walsall is getting results.*

But the towns that have provided domestic courts in the real spirit of the Act hardly number more than a dozen.

Can you wonder that many people are saying that domestic courts are doomed to failure?

We say that they haven't been tried yet.

In Search of Britain

Millions will be answering the call of the open road in the next few months. By car, cycle or on foot they will search out the beauties of rural Britain.

How much do you know of the countryside? You miss the best in your summer outings if you do not fully understand all that you see around you.

Next week JOHN BULL will announce a new Presentation, "The Countryside Companion," a book which reveals every aspect of Britain's rural charm.

This book of over 500 pages and more than 500 beautiful illustrations is entirely new—it is a book that no lover of Britain can afford to be without. Don't miss the important announcement next week.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

TERRIER No. 1

No ordinary Brass Hat, Sir Walter Kirke has won an army's devotion.

SIR WALTER KIRKE is one of those contradictions produced logically by the British system—a Brass Hat who talks Democracy.

More than that, as Director-General of the Territorial Army, he is defending in the War Office one of the bulwarks of our liberty—the Voluntary System.

If Conscription were imposed upon a nation which had refused to volunteer, our male population would be at the mercy of any whim of foreign policy.

More than that, if we had conscription of lives without conscription of wealth, all the old war-time injustices would start again.

The people would be giving their lives to the nation. The nation would be giving money to the people who would not give their lives.

Nevertheless, there has arisen a need for intensified arming, not only for our own defence, but to reassure France, Poland, Russia and any Balkan State which will enter into an alliance for collective security.

"Will Britain pull her weight?" must be in the minds of all those countries.

After all, they have Conscription. We have not. And they do not understand our methods.

It is therefore a blessing that there is in charge of the Territorial Army its chief recruiter, Sir Walter Kirke.

For Sir Walter is no ordinary Brass Hat. He is a man of intense vitality. He has the driving force of ten men. People like him.

He Moves

The Army does not, as a rule, produce personality. Rigid discipline rolls it out. But Kirke has survived much of the rolling-out process.

He has imagination. He has humour. He has understanding.

And so ceaseless is he in his recruiting methods that, instead of being content to sit in a comfortable room at the War Office organising, he goes about everywhere making speeches, issuing warnings, encouraging.

Few men over sixty years of age would have done what Kirke did last summer—make a ten-day air tour of inspection round Great Britain, going even as far as the Orkneys.

He makes lightning journeys to provincial units. Invariably, he addresses the men.

"The only law which seems to be obeyed at present is the law of the jungle—that might is right," he said recently. "So it is only common-sense for peace-loving nations to be ready to defend themselves, particularly rich nations like ourselves, because obviously the bigger the loot, the bigger the temptation for gangsters."

Yes, Sir Walter Kirke is a Tory. But he is one of those modern ones who stress the value of free institutions.

"It is because we place a high value on the freedom which is our birthright, freedom to work out our own destinies in our own way and not according to some foreign-bred dogma, that we are spending all this money."

Bombshell

That is a fair example of his repeated utterances on the need for more men.

It is a good thing for the nation that the Secretary for War gave Kirke the job. It is well that the civilian army is headed by a man with the courage of his own mind.

You may have forgotten, but, a few years ago, when he was instructed by Lord Milne, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to draw up the lessons of the Great War, Kirke and the six young generals who were his assistants produced a document that was such a bombshell that it was never published.

The old Brass Hats had to defend themselves. Many of them would have lost their reputations. So they kept it quiet.

But a few extracts from the Kirke report were sent round, "very confidentially," to battalion commanders.

Most men given a job like that would have been tactful. Kirke spilled the beans.

They Listen

It is this honesty of purpose which gives him on the Army Council—and he is the first man in his position who has ever sat there—a great influence. This is being used to see that the men in the Territorial Army get their due.

No longer can soldiers of the old type patronise it, for they could not patronise Kirke, anyway.

Given the job of running the Territorials, Sir Walter got right down to it.

"It is not right that a man should be out of pocket as a result of voluntary service in his leisure hours," he declared. That was only two days after his appointment! "Conditions of service must be made much more attractive."

The War Office had to listen.

So, nowadays, Territorials, laughed at no longer, really have a good time of it.

Compared with the old days, their lives in camp are lived in luxury. There are amusements. There are sports. It is, in spite of drill, almost like a holiday.

Mind you, all this is in strange contradiction to what we once hoped. When the War ended, we saw a future of peace—swords being turned into ploughshares, the tigers lying down with the lambs, a Utopia in which the money once wasted on arms could be spent on public works and social services.

It might have been. There was the Promise. And if Men had willed it, the Promise would have become Fruition.

But, because of our stupidity, we are back to the jungle—and in the jungle all the animals must have claws when some start growling.

To-day, the youth of the country understand that, in the last few weeks, things have so changed that any of them, whatever their politics, can now join up without hurting their conscience.

Those who deplored the wreckage of the League of Nations, and would have nothing to do with an Isolationist policy, are making security still more collective by enrolling.

The alternative of a strong Britain to-day is the rule of Hitlerism right across Europe.

Two budding democracies have already disappeared because of our diplomatic weakness. Others may go, unless we have military strength.

Secret Passion

That is the feeling of the great mass of the British people, and in a hundred speeches Kirke has been reminding us of it.

Implementing it, turning it from words into force, Sir Walter is no longer able to grow the roses of which he is so fond.

He has little time for the bridge at which, they say, he never overcalls a hand, and nearly always makes his contract.

Nor, unless he does it in the aeroplanes in which he is so fond of travelling, can he read those detective stories for which—and I am sorry to admit I share his liking—he has a secret passion.

Anyway, the Terriers are devoted to him. They call themselves "Kirke's Lambs."

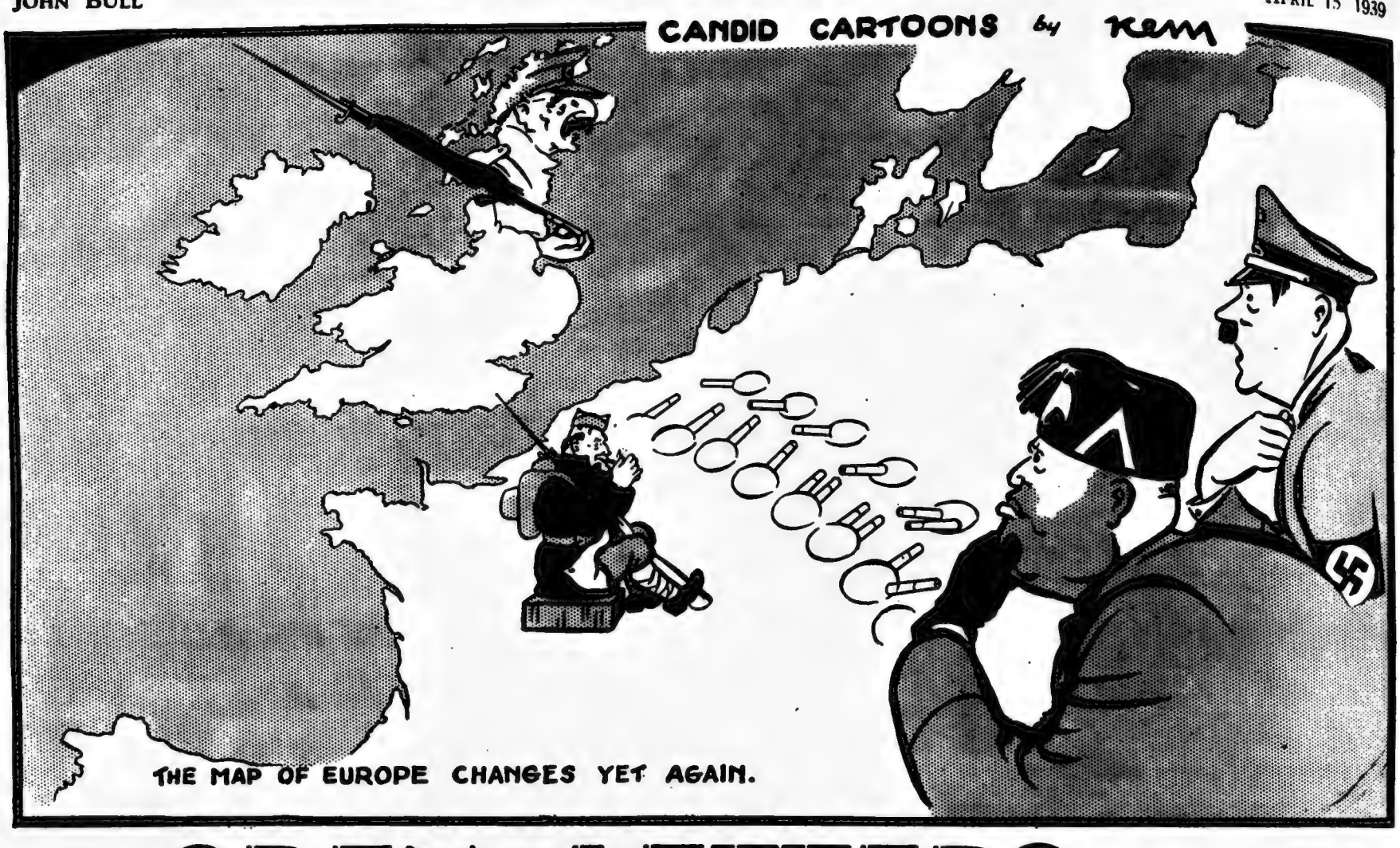
The colonels and senior officers swear by him. He is, indeed, a new kind of a soldier, a man who has brought to the service of our Volunteer Army great experience learned in war.

On the G.H.Q. staff, he often took risks which he need not, and should not, have taken so that they called him "the most dangerous man to be with in a war." For, where he was there was danger.

Many regard him as the finest soldier in the British Army.

Yet, apparently, pickpockets are not afraid of him. For when, recently, he went to a wedding at Brompton Oratory, a "dip" stole his wallet.

Probably the thief did not recognise him, for while in uniform Kirke looks every inch a soldier, in civvies he is like the Territorials he commands—quite an ordinary man.



OPEN LETTERS . . .

Miss ELIZABETH DENBY,
Housing Expert

DEAR MADAM,—One thing stops us from rebuilding our cities, as you advise, by perfectly planned £500 cottages with gardens, a communal restaurant, dance hall and skating rink. That obstacle is Stupidity.

It saddens and disgusts me to hear paunchy aldermen boast of council housing estates that, devoid of shops, trees, amusements and social centres, are mere heaps of bricks and mortar—or laths and plaster.

If you could knock a morsel of feminine sense into masculine addle-pates you'd deserve the highest honours in the land.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR,—Women volunteers for National Service are required to state whether they are divorced.

What the devil has that to do with Britain's security?—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCIL,
Progressive Rambling Club

GENTLEMEN,—This is the happiest letter I have written in 1939. It is to congratulate you on the plan to give a day by the sea next month to at least 1,000 children who have never been out of London.

May it keep fine for you and your lucky yet luckless guests. And may your warm-hearted gesture find many imitators!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—In the public interest, give your support to the new bid for a hairdressers' charter.

Many women have been burned—some scarred for life—by girl "apprentices" who pay good fees for tuition they never receive.

The proposed charter would end this scandal by banning untrained persons and licensing proper schools of hairdressing.

I should also like to see a fair wage clause; for it disgraces a civilised country that men assistants get as little as 32s. 6d for a sixty-hour week and girls only 12s. 6d.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. G. C. ANDERSON,
Secretary, British Medical Association

DEAR DOCTOR,—More and more your society is ceasing to be concerned mainly with protecting doctors and is tackling the whole nation's problems.

Typical of this unremarked but excellent change is the nutrition conference which you will hold at the Mansion House on April 27. You doctors know how lack of food or ill-balanced meals cause an appalling incubus of sickness. You can do much to educate the public—on the lines of your cheap cookery book for very poor people—on the wise choice of food.

But a bigger task is to educate our rulers to the need for better wages and higher unemployment allowances that would allow millions to afford adequate nourishment. I'm with you there!—JOHN BULL.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI,

IL DUCE.—You have spat upon the Cross and dishonoured every one of your Catholic subjects, by choosing the holiest day in the Christian calendar for your pillage of a small and defenceless country.

You have made it plain that you have nothing to learn from your senior partner, Herr Hitler, whom you flatter and yet fear, because you know that, one day, he will destroy you as certainly as you have destroyed King Zog.

It is pointless for our ostriches to affirm that Albania has for years been an Italian dependency in all but name.

The indisputable and ugly fact is that you have thrown off the mask of friendship for that primitive and backward land.

You have openly seized Albania because of your jealousy of Germany's reckless aggrandisement, and in doing so you have violated a treaty and belied the promises you gave our Prime Minister when he visited your capital a few months ago.

I still claim, as a realist, that Britain must seek the pacification of Europe at the conference table and not by the sword.

I want Britain to take the lead in offering justice and equality to all the nations of Europe.

But I also warn you that, if you spurned such an offer and relied upon naked might to realise your insensate ambitions, you would destroy yourself and the nation you have so abominably betrayed. — JOHN BULL.

Sheriff-Principal BROWN,
Edinburgh

DEAR SHERIFF,—As, with flushed face and grave voice, you bound over a sobbing girl, you must have wished you were presiding over a court of morals rather than a court of law. For she had been victimised by an elderly married man.

She paid for the care of her first child from her scanty savings, but in desperation had abandoned her other three babies.

In your words, the true offender was not in the dock, but if I knew his name he would quickly be arraigned by me.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. M. BEECH,
Stoke-on-Trent

DEAR MADAM,—Countless parents will share your indignation. The secondary school which your daughter attends insists that she shall be clothed in a new rainbow-coloured outfit costing £5.

Such an expense is an outrageous imposition on people of slender means; yet I know of far worse instances.

Moreover, many schools order the clothes to be bought from certain shops with which they conduct a profitable racket.

It's up to parents to stop the crazy impertinence of education bigwigs who fancy themselves as fashion dictators. Go ahead and win!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, K.C., M.P.,
Chairman, Welsh Tuberculosis Enquiry

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your crusade to remove the hardships and sufferings caused by tuberculosis in Wales, which you so scathingly exposed a few weeks ago.

I shall hold you to your vow that you will address the people in every district in the Principality until these evils are conquered.

Then, I suggest, you might busy yourself with the disease dens in other parts of Britain—dens that are deadly monuments to the callousness, apathy and bungling of officialdom and the ignorance of many members of the public.—JOHN BULL.

Col. Sir BENJAMIN HANDSFORTH,
London

DEAR COLONEL,—That London has gained 14,000 A.R.P. recruits in a week confirms my belief that the public is willing to make sacrifices when the need is real.

It is another blow to the elderly patriots who would stampede us into conscription, which would dislocate both industry and military supplies.

Far better for them to support your appeal that young A.R.P. volunteers should be diverted to the Territorials. Still better, clean up the muddle that is causing so many provincial districts to lag behind London in organising our passive defences.—JOHN BULL.

A. G. Gardiner says we must stand firm during

HALF-TIME

Our longest and strongest suit is still the navy—typified by such new destroyers as the one pictured here

IN EUROPE

NOW that "appeasement" and "isolation" have gone by the board and the red light flames in the path of Hitler, let us take stock of the forces that have to be reckoned with in the "new epoch," to use Mr. Chamberlain's phrase, on which this country is now embarked.

But, first a word as to the "new epoch." It is new only in the sense of guaranteeing the integrity of a remote and relatively weak Power.

In its larger purpose it is in the historic tradition of this country.

For five hundred years the policy of Britain has been to prevent Europe falling under the tyranny of a single despotism.

For this we fought and overthrew Spain in the sixteenth century, Louis XIV a hundred years later, Napoleon in the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the Kaiser's Germany in our own recent memory.

THE SAME MOTIVE IS OURS TO-DAY. WE WANT NO TERRITORY AND MENACE NO NEIGHBOUR.

We have gone to the brink of disaster in our desire to preserve the peace of the world

All in vain. Europe to-day is threatened with the most ruthless tyranny in history—a tyranny which, if it triumphs, will reduce the world to barbarism, destroy every vestige of liberty on the Continent, and, incidentally, wreck the British Empire, which, with all its faults, has been the most civilising influence in the annals of mankind.

In these circumstances we must face the dreadful issue of war. We can do no other.

IN calculating the chances, let us look at the adverse case first.

That we have been caught napping is to-day lamentably clear even to the most gullible dupes of Ribbentrop; of whom there have been many in high places in London

Behind the screen of duplicity that he erected here, Hitler secured a flying start for the terrific programme of European conquest that began with the seizure of Austria, became fully revealed with the brutal massacre of Czechoslovakia, and, unless defeated, will leave him the unchallenged dictator of Europe within a year.

The value of that flying start is immensely enhanced by the changed conditions of war.

The terror with which Hitler has filled Europe to-day is the terror of the bombing aeroplane.

It is that threat to great cities like London and Paris that is his most formidable card.

But for that he would be negligible. He has put all his energies into the creation of a gigantic weapon that can spread panic and death among the crowded millions of helpless civilians within an hour of the outbreak of war.

He has banked on a knock-out blow, on being able to maintain such a deluge of horrors and destruction over a given period that the power of resistance will collapse under the appalling strain.

We must not exclude from those horrors even a rain of plague germs.

In the scheme which Professor Banse, one of Hitler's most frenzied agents, issued two or three years ago, accompanied with a chart of the vulnerable spots in these islands, the use of disease germs had an important place.

The material sources of Hitler's strength have, of course, been greatly increased by his seizure of Austria, and still more of Czechoslovakia with its vast accumulation of guns and aeroplanes, and the control of the great Skoda arsenal.

And we must include among his assets the fear which his astonishing achievements and his brutal methods have spread among the small States on the Baltic and in the Balkans whose fate is in the balance.

Whether the Nazi conspiracy that has been conducted on a world-wide scale will operate in his favour militarily we do not know.

While he is successful it probably will; but at the first hint of failure it should recoil on him disastrously.

There remains the "axis." Superficially, it is formidable, and if it stood the strain of actual war it would give Hitler access to the Mediterranean and seriously add to our difficulties.

BUT, IN SPITE OF THE RAPE OF ALBANIA, WE HAVE YET TO SEE WHETHER ITALY CAN BE INDUCED TO FIGHT IN ORDER STILL FURTHER TO FEATHER THE NEST OF THE RACE SHE MOST HATES AND MOST FEARS.

JAPAN would be anxious to serve Hitler, but her hands are full, and the unknown quantities of Russia and U.S.A. may well negative any major operation like an attack on Singapore.

Franco owes so much of his success to Hitler and Mussolini that, if the axis holds, we must reckon on Spain being hostile.

And a hostile Spain would mean a closed Mediterranean to us.

That is one side of the picture.

Turn to the other. The best thing that can be said for Munich is that it has given us a breathless half-year in which to prepare.

There would be terrible experiences for us, but wars are not won from the air, and we have yet to see what air-warfare can achieve in the face of equal resistance.

Assuming the failure of the knock-out blow, the sea becomes the decisive factor.

It is our longest and our strongest suit. Whatever our weaknesses elsewhere, the naval predominance of England and France is overwhelming, much greater than in the last war when the German fleet approximated to our own

This means that we shall have the resources of the world, and especially of America, at our command, and that we shall be able to cut them off from the enemy.

AND what backing can we look for? In the last war the support of Russia, however inefficient, was of enormous value.

It would be more efficient and no less invaluable to-day, but we are not assured of it.

The best we can say is that she will certainly not be against us and that it is difficult to see how her interests could allow, say, Poland and Rumania to be overrun and Germany left with the great wheat lands of the Ukraine in her grasp.

As to the U.S.A., she is spiritually with us, and, though "isolation" may hold her aloof at first, she could not see the cause of freedom perish in Europe without striking a blow if only to save freedom for herself.

As to the smaller countries, on the North Sea and in South-Eastern Europe, their dread of Germany is far more intense than in 1914, and a bold leadership even now may encourage them to stand firm.

There remain two factors of the first importance. Hitler has united this country as one man.

No one can fail to see that everything that makes life worth living is at stake. And so with France.

Can Hitler say this of Germany? Behind his immense façade of power there is another Germany, which is praying, not for the defeat of Germany, but for the fall of the tyrant that has enslaved it.

And, finally, there is the economic factor. Here all the advantage is with us Hitler is prepared for a short war, waged at its maximum. If he is to win he must win soon.

But he will not win soon And we can stay the course.

The Human Machine

YOU'RE A MIRROR!

MAYBE you've never really thought about yourself except as a person who has to get up, go to work, come home, go to bed, get up, go to work, and so on and so forth. Well, just for a change, *do* think about yourself.

Maybe you do have to do all these things—but it makes a whole lot of difference, not only to you, but to everyone else round you, if your mental attitude is right when you're doing them

If it is hopeful and expectant and eager, you will find the day all too short to do half the things you planned to do.

You will also find that in a curious way other people will react to your own attitude, that they will co-operate, that even things themselves will take on a different aspect.

If you start the day with the opposite outlook on life, firmly convincing yourself that everything is gloomy, everybody antagonistic, nothing worth while, then you'll most assuredly discover to your discomfiture that you're right.

You don't have to take anybody's word for this. You can test its truth for yourself. You can test it to-day. You don't even have to wait for a favourable opportunity. There never was and there never will be a better day for the test than NOW.

What you'll discover, probably to your great surprise, is that you are really a mental and spiritual mirror.

You get reflected back to you the mental atmosphere you are sending out.

Seeing that this is so—and you can prove it for yourself just as soon as you like—isn't it rather silly to go about with long faces and gloomy and despairing thoughts?

Wouldn't it be just as easy and a great deal more pleasant to send out hope and optimism and enthusiasm, good fellowship and goodwill?

What you get in this life is exactly what you give.

Test Pilot and Schneider Trophy winner, Captain H. C. Biard discloses amazing secrets of the

SPIES in the SKY

Top picture shows you a vital objective for enemy bombers; below you see it after it has been camouflaged to defeat the sky spies

HALF-BURIED in the mountain snows above La Tinée, on the Franco-Italian border, the burnt wreckage of a 'plane was found recently.

It bore traces of German registration letters. But the German authorities were strangely reluctant to claim the machine.

The 'plane had come down in a military area forbidden to civil aircraft. And it had carried eleven passengers wearing German Air Force uniform!

They were all dead and ever since the matter has been hushed up.

Queer? Yes, but many queer things are happening on Europe's air routes just now. For the ancient art of espionage has shifted its scene and the sky has a thousand eyes. . . .

A spy system—whether ours or that of any other country—involves the use of "post-boxes" who simply pass messages on, train-watchers, respectable pigeon breeders, commercial travellers, barmen, typists, as well as "notables" capable of pulling off the big jobs.

Little Men

These people can get the secrets. What they have not been able to do, in the past, is to send those secrets out of the country.

And *that* is where the expert pilot of all nations, especially and dangerously trained and given a machine built for the job, comes in.

These sky spies are little men chosen because they are light, and the world's fastest machines are almost built round their bodies.

Each 'plane has a special skin of glassy metal. It carries no guns or bombs and is something between a flying engine and a short-winged bullet. It is capable of climbing to almost incredible heights.

You know all the big countries are carrying out secret experiments in stratosphere flying! Here is the reason.

Every Government is now able to send trusted servants up to a region where no defence machine can follow because of its extra weight. Up, and over the frontier, too high for mechanical ears, and beyond the reach of puffing anti-aircraft guns. And then down, in a place appointed.

Every detail has been worked out for that purpose.

It is more likely that when the spy pilot comes down it will be over some bleak and forgotten moorland.

Vital Codes

His landing will have been timed to the minute. So that he can photograph strange patterns in stones set there by his accomplice, each pattern bearing a vital message.

Or, so that he can read as he circles above, the flicker-flicker of an electric torch, telling in Morse and in a very secret code all the information that has been so perilously collected.

Sometimes he may come hurtling down to within two or three miles of the enemy's greatest secret munition factory, or disease-germ laboratory, or poison-gas works.

The men in the works cannot see a tiny aircraft three miles away; but the pilot can press the buttons that release lenses of marvellous infra-red cameras mounted on his wings.

And then, when he goes soaring away he takes with him a series of photographs which may be worth a pitched battle to the authorities at home.

There is "George" to help him when he turns photographer.

Absorbing one drop of purest olive-oil at hourly "intervals, "George," an intricate mass of shining steel cogs, levers, wheels, and spinning gyros, can perform modern miracles. He is the automatic pilot, the airman's friend

Sometimes for hours he takes control and leaves the pilot free to take his pictures or read Morse.

"George" was fitted on Mercury, the upper part of the Mayo composite machine that made various trans-Atlantic flights and broke flying records recently. He has taken his place on some of our new warbirds, whose details I may not mention.

Radio Wonder

And very necessary he is when you have to meet a spy on the foreign equivalent of Ilkley Moor baht'at, and not be late, though it is a stormy night and no signals are allowed.

There is another useful little contraption in the air spy's rigout. It is a radio device which shows a shadow of your own aeroplane, flying across a ground glass screen in front of you in the closed cockpit.

The screen is a map, marked with a white line representing your theoretical course. The tiny shadow, which is you, flies infinitely slowly along this line.

Now and then it veers fractionally to left or right of the line; and you immediately adjust your instruments, banking a bit left if the shadow has gone to the right, and *vice versa*.

Very pretty it all is, and amazingly useful for blind flying at night or in bad fog.

General staffs in many countries are crying out for more and more machines to-day. They take deadly seriously what Marshal Blucher once said: "The future of land armies lies in the sky."

For land armies are not what they used to be. If there is ever anything remotely approaching trench warfare again, it will ebb and flow around some such vast fortification system as the Maginot Line. But I do not think there will be.

Land armies, nowadays, are on wheels, and the wheels are motorised by some of the finest engines in the world. These armies can sweep across, perhaps two hundred miles of country in a day.

Conceive the problems of a Commander-in-Chief who found his enemy besieging York one morning, and encamped outside London the next, with full supporting artillery and tanks, and proper lines of communication established!

And that is where the "eyes in the sky" play their part.

Mechanised armies move quickly, but to us, mounted on our steel-sheathed war-birds, they crawl like snails. If they go from York to London in a day and a night, we go in an hour.

As the gigantic, steely serpents crawl about the earth beneath, we hum like dragon-flies through the skies, photographing, jotting down notes, reporting by radio.

Quick!

And our own Brass Hats know in three minutes, and launch a shattering mechanised spearhead within the same hour, just where we tell them.

We shall be harassed of course. The enemy won't let us do our aerial scouting without displaying ungentlemanly annoyance.

When Hitler marched (or rather rumbled) into Czechoslovakia more than a third of his magnificent motorised equipment was anti-aircraft guns of odd shapes and unexpected sizes.

No doubt he had some very pretty anti-scouting pursuit 'planes as well, somewhere under his brown shirt.

But, from what I know of modern flying invention, the scouting aircraft will be able to evade both guns and pursuers.

With the help of infra-red photography, radio, television, and two inventions of which I may not write, they will be able to keep up running commentaries on enemy movements over any country less vast than, say, Russia.

There will be a duel for a definite superiority in the air over the fighting fronts. That is inevitable. But I don't think it will be conclusive.

If one side could drive the other out of the air, of course, the war would end quickly. It would be all over bar the theft of "reparations."

But I don't think that can happen.

As the mechanised millions sweep to and fro beneath, the aeroplanes of the combatant nations will throb in their thousands about the skies.

Apart from working as "eyes in the sky," theirs will be the task of flaying the crawling armies with gunfire and bombs.

They will inevitably use flame-throwers, disease germs, hideous gases which attack any fragment of unprotected skin.

They will carry whole armies, and deposit them by parachute, with guns, ammunition, and even horses, thousands of miles away in a few hours.

Horrors

They will paralyse strategic points, blow up distant railways, destroy roads—and, I suppose, when war has brutalised the combatants, attack hospitals and dressing-stations.

After all, it was done in the last war; and the last war was not carried on as viciously as a new one would be.

Nasty—yes. That is why all flying men, of Germany, England, France, Russia and elsewhere, want to avoid it.

Aircraft could do all these things, and will do them if it comes to the folly of war again.

But, most important of all, behind and around and between the other activities, the "eyes in the sky" would be recording, night and day, vital facts on which the issue of a future war would turn.

Knowledge is power, in war no less than in peace. The General who sees all wins all.

Sitting fifty feet below ground—below sheer rock, if he could find it—the Commander-in-Chief will brood over maps and charts, pin little flags, listen to radio reports, and examine messages and telegrams coming in every minute through the gas-proof doors.

Deep down there, the Man Who Runs the War will sit, blind to the outside world, deaf to its beseechings and commands—intent only on seeing, through the eyes of five thousand airmen, what is happening on the enemy front and in the enemy capital.

That is what they turn man's marvellous inventions to, nowadays, and that is why the birdmen of the world are asked to fly.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings—1

AMAZING REFUGEE RACKET

ELABORATE but mythical plans to smuggle money and valuables out of Vienna for refugees figure in a big confidence trick racket I have just discovered.

A number of people, completely deluded by the stories of a most plausible individual, have between them lost a considerable sum of money.

This rogue, Henry Adcock, is one of the greatest actors off the stage. He can cry as easily as whistling.

From his lips propositions which, in the ordinary way, would be fantastic, immediately seem dramatic realities.

By the time he had finished describing the vast possibilities of his scheme in this latest venture his carefully chosen victims could almost feel the profits in their wallets!

Not for a moment did they hesitate in putting up money to carry out the plans.

Adcock professed that, as the carrier of the treasure, he was to receive fifty per cent. of the profits. Those who financed him were to receive a liberal share of this.

With a wealth of detail he explained how he was to meet friends of refugees secretly in Vienna.

They would hand him bearer bonds, Reichsmarks and jewels worth more than £70,000, and then would come his exciting rôle as a smuggler-Pimpernel.

He had mapped out meticulously all his arrangements for slipping out of the country with his concealed treasure.

Some of the details, he said, had been attended to by an English Major who was already in Vienna, staying at the famous Bristol Hotel.

Having fleeced as many dupes as he felt he safely could, he started a game of make-believe even more elaborate than the smuggling plans he had outlined.

For some time he moved with the greatest mystery, and pretended to be receiving coded messages from the Continent.

Once he made a hurried journey to Paris and returned with some German notes.

These he showed to some of the people who had trusted him with their money as evidence that the stream of treasure had begun to flow.

It was a clever move, because it not only increased the confidence of those from whom he had already taken money, but it also enabled him to take more from others who were carried away by his romantic story.

Then he went off again, and this time he was supposed to be heading straight for Vienna.

A woman acquaintance accompanied him.

Soon he was back, but instead of the small fortune he had talked so much about he merely brought a cock-and-bull story of his adventures.

Detective-Inspector Rudkin, head of Bow Street C.I.D., in whose area some of Adcock's dupes live. Above: the Government Bank at Vienna

He had, he said, collected a portion of the money and valuables, but on his way back he had been stopped by the secret police at Munich, and they had taken everything from him!

He even described, with a fine sense of drama, how he had been chased by storm troopers.

When his backers at last realised how they had been fooled Adcock resorted to the old confidence tricksters' rearguard ruse. He hinted that as they had become associated with something illegal they were likely to incur serious trouble if they communicated with the police.

Some of them, though, have refused to be frightened by this bluff, and Scotland Yard detectives are making enquiries.

Adcock had been careful not to approach men with financial knowledge. They would have seen through the racket in a moment.

He concentrated on tradesmen with small savings. It was easier to dazzle them with the fabulous story.

In this way they were able to pick up £100 here, £50 there, and larger sums in some cases.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Good Cause Loophole

NEW in the doubtful charity collection field is The Good Samaritan Charity Fund, of Crofton Close, Felstead Road, Nottingham.

Though the address is the private house of Mr. W. Keighley, organiser and secretary, appeal letters bear the imposing headline: "Waste Collection Department (Midlands Area)."

Surplus derived from the sale of old clothes and so on that are collected will, it is stated, be used to assist refugees.

That undertaking, of course, leaves open the familiar loophole for the deduction of liberal expenses before anything is available for the charity named.

In these days of tyranny in Europe the word refugees naturally stirs immediate sympathy. But the public will find many more satisfactory ways of helping than by responding to the appeals of this concern.

Impudent "Snowball" Has £156 Bait

A "SNOWBALL" by any other name is sweet to the amusingly ingenuous Mr. L. Kendall, who runs the Sports Mutual Club from Western Road, Hove, Sussex.

His scheme is quite different, he claims, *but* to secure the bonus of £156 flourished so temptingly on his pamphlet 625 of your friends or their friends have to bring in 2,500 of their friends.

Not a "snowball," indeed!

It is just about the most blatant and impudent one I have come across.

First you have to send Mr. Kendall 1s. 6d. for a pack of playing cards with which permutations can be worked out for winning all the football and racing pools!

At the same time you have to send another 1s. to someone named as having reached the top of the list in the race to introduce new members.

You also have to give the names of five friends who will do the same.

Then the good old chain begins.

You start at the bottom of a list of five, and as your friends and their friends troop in you move up until you reach the top and wait for your bonus of £156 to roll in in 1s. postal orders.

As Mr. Kendall puts it: "Then each of these 3,125 members should send you your cash bonus of 1s. each, making a total of £156 5s."

Oh, Mr. Kendall, and you say that is neither a "chain" nor a "snowball" scheme.

Epilogue: You'll be foolish if you send him a cent.

Star-Spotter Vanishes

THE United Broadcasting, Variety and Motion Picture Talent Finding Syndicate.

Nothing half-hearted about that title, and even more full-blooded was the letter sent by the secretary, Joseph Nadin, from 8, Bridge Street, Derby, to those who answered the Syndicate's advertisements.

"The company has been formed," he said, "to give amateur performers of all kinds a real chance both before the microphone and on the actual stage."

In stressing that this was definitely guaranteed, it was stated that the best turns would receive cash prizes.

Private and individual microphone tests would be held within ten days at local halls, a special experienced man from London would be in attendance, and a date fixed for the stage test before a genuine audience.

For all this the fee requested was only 2s. 6d.

But even that was 2s. 6d. too much, because, after various excuses to explain the delay, Mr. Nadin and his high-sounding syndicate faded away.

"Gone away" was stamped on the last despairing letter returned to a hopeful applicant at Beeston, Notts.

Gratitude

HUNDREDS of letters which I am proud to receive come to my desk. They return thanks for the service of my Department.

Here is one, from an elderly widow living at Pwllheli, North Wales:

"I am most grateful for your kind and prompt attention to my case. And I only wish that everyone round here could know about you, as there are many in the small seaside towns and villages of this district who have been taken in.

The woman referred to an excellent example of my Department's service to readers, for she was victimised in connection with a holiday guide book advertisement order.

Under the blandishments of a canvasser—and not realising what she was doing—she signed a paper, and found herself committed to advertising for a definite period at considerable expense.

She would not pay, and the alleged debt was claimed through a county court.

She wrote to me and I advised her what to do. Eventually the claim was dropped.

There is a moral. Let every reader who may be in doubt over a business proposition, or about anything else involving an outlay of money, write to me *first* before signing any agreement or making any payment.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings—2

"John Bull" Smashed this Top-Hat Gang

Walter Kirby, ... once jailed for his part in an armed bank raid.

EVERY week the British public is saved scores of pounds by our crusade against the great confederacy of professional defrauders.

In addition to exposures in our columns, numerous warnings go out privately to readers through the post.

The value of this service is shown by the conviction and imprisonment about a week ago of two "old school tie" rogues who have frequently been unmasked in JOHN BULL.

One is Walter Kirby, alias Dawson, aged sixty-six, and the other Frederick Horace Keeble Pearson, aged forty-seven.

In the last exploit of Walter Kirby—well educated, son of a former Sheriff of the City of London—money was obtained by means of a worthless cheque.

Kirby was posing as the owner of mines in South Africa, and of property at Ewell, Surrey. He worked his cheque fraud through a proposition to purchase a South Kensington residential hotel for £9,000.

Actually, of course, Kirby had no prospect whatever of carrying through the proposed deal. He was just working a swindle.

During the negotiations for the hotel purchase, Keeble Pearson was representing himself as Kirby's nephew.

He was sentenced as a convict on licence for failing to notify his address to the police, and for failing to report.

I first called attention to Walter Kirby when, nearly nine years ago, he was behind the scenes of a project to establish an elaborate, luxurious flying club and school near Windsor.

My exposure of Kirby and his record brought an end to this ambitious enterprise.

After that Kirby became a "colonel" and dabbled in shady oil share deals, to the detriment of those who trusted him.

Later he impudently tried to obtain £100,000 from the public for exploring the fantastic possibilities of obtaining oil in commercial quantities in Somerset.

His syndicate, which employed travelling salesmen to beguile investors, was not even registered at Somerset House.

Its headquarters office consisted of a small cubicle of a room in a Trafalgar Square building. No regular clerks were on duty. Letters were called for daily.

Timely exposure in JOHN BULL put paid to that account.

Really his versatile crookedness has no limit. He even instigated an armed robbery of a bank in South Africa, for which he was given a ten years' prison sentence.

As for Pearson, he has pretended to be a nephew of the late Lord Cowdray, and also of the late Sir Arthur Pearson. Some of his frauds have involved several thousands of pounds.

He swindled a Windsor trader of jewellery by posing as the nephew of the Precentor of Eton College, and for that offence went to jail for three years.

In the dock with Pearson on that occasion was this same Walter Kirby, who received eighteen months for conspiracy.

They rejoined fraudulent forces as soon as both were free.

A nice pair!

Public Benefactor

Mr. R. Iveson, 27, Osborne Road, Hounslow, receives this week's guinea. He brought to my notice details of a "bargain" ramp into which enquiries are now being made by my department.

H. P. Evil Goes On

RECENT experience of an Essex man shows how the greatest hire-purchase injustice still goes on because the new Act was not made retrospective.

This man had paid instalments amounting to £5 on the total cost of a wireless set obtained about eighteen months ago on the hire-purchase system.

Owing to unemployment he could not complete the payments, and after making two applications the firm's traveller took the set away.

As if that was not sufficient bad luck, the man was ordered at a county court to pay the balance of £2 13s. 6d., plus costs, at the rate of 2s. a month.

* * *

Because he did not understand the summons—he was worried by the ill-health of his wife and children, in addition to being out of work—he did not attend court and the order was made in his absence.

Thus this unfortunate man has to pay the full cost of the wireless set and lose it!

Under the new law that will not be possible, and it is disgraceful that the very evil the Act set out to abolish should persist simply because goods were obtained before it came into force.

After the Ball —Excuses

NORTHERN ENTERTAINMENT PROMOTIONS, with an office in Stockport Road, Manchester, is a business concern of three partners.

It will—according to its own showing—organise sports meetings, political campaigns (no parties specified) and advertise by modern methods theatre, cinema and concert programmes.

All kinds of functions for charity are also arranged.

Recently "N.E.P." managed a dance in Manchester in aid of a most deserving hospital. Later a representative called on the secretary to the hospital, produced some kind of balance-sheet, and reported that the dance would mean £26 to the funds of the hospital.

So far, that amount has not been passed to the institution.

Another "N.E.P." dance in Manchester was to benefit Jewish refugee funds. The affair was largely attended, and gave every outward appearance of being a success. Yet the proprietors of the dance hall, which was hired for the evening, have not been paid.

The local Jewish refugee fund received "some money"—but only after a struggle.

On three occasions a representative of JOHN BULL called at the unpretentious, dingy offices of "N.E.P.," but nobody was "at home."

Obviously, then, committees of North of England hospitals, charity funds and kindred social welfare endeavours should be careful before committing their authority to any organising work by Northern Entertainment Productions.

B. Irish Welshes

"TEN per cent. added to your weekly winnings" boast Bertram Irish, Ltd., bookmakers, of Old Bond Street, London, W., and Waterloo Street, Glasgow.

"If you are lucky enough to get your winnings" might well have been added.

When it comes to paying up they are, in many cases, more adept at making excuses than anything else.

No wonder these people have been warned off by Tattersall's Committee.

In their literature they give their address as *6, 7, 8*, Old Bond Street.

Those numbers refer to the whole of Old Bond Street House, a large block of offices where Bertram Irish, Ltd., occupy two rooms.

In addition to Glasgow, branches are advertised at Oxford, Brighton, Worthing, Taunton, Bridgewater and Aylesbury.

Readers would be well advised to have nothing whatever to do with the firm.

* * *

Also beware of Eric Raymond, audaciously using Poste Restante, G.P.O., Wimpole Street, London, as his address for his touting tipster letters.

He requests a registration fee of 2s. 6d.

No doubt he will try to continue his bluff from other cuckoo addresses.

WHERE IS "CHEEKY BOY"?

MR. W. LE-HURST, of Everton Road, Southport, is seventy years old, and his health appears none too good.

That's unfortunate, but it is still more unfortunate that people who have sent money for ventriloquial dolls he advertises should have to wait indefinitely for them.

A New Zealand reader forwarded £2 2s. 6d. six months ago, but, beyond an acknowledgment and the assurance that the dolls were being finished off, he has heard nothing.

When a member of my staff made enquiries the other day the old man, once a music-hall performer, was still "hoping to fulfil the order soon."

He indignantly brushed aside a suggestion that, since his ill-health interfered with his work so seriously, it would be fairer to return the money.

Mrs. le-Hurst mentioned that a number of orders were similarly held up.

In the circumstances it would be unwise for anyone to send cash for "Cheeky Boy—fully-dressed ventriloquial figure."

Watch 'em

F. H. STEPHENSON, writing from 4, Collingham Place, Kensington, London, S.W., circularised provincial tradesmen offering membership of his "Furnishing Service" for 52s. 6d. the first year and £5 5s. afterwards.

Idea was that his organisation would shepherd their clients round wholesale showrooms in London and orders placed would be credited to the traders who introduced them.

Mr. Stephenson had one room in Collingham Place, and he has gone, leaving no address.

* * *

GUARANTEE grandly described as being "stamped by His Majesty's Authorities at Somerset House" in G. R. Pardoe's pool tipster circulars turns out to be ordinary receipt form with a twopenny stamp!

That preposterous fiction is the identifying mark on all his circulars, but he uses various names and addresses.

Are YOU Gambling With Your Eyesight?

BRITAIN is fast becoming a nation in spectacles. Eighteen million of us wear them, say the statisticians, and experts warn us that another 2,000,000 urgently need them.

Until recently the Royal Navy had no room for a man with defective eyesight.

Now the Medical Director-General has announced that all officers except members of the executive staffs and all ratings except seamen and signallers may wear glasses.

One hundred thousand factory employees meet with serious accidents every year. Three of every four of these accidents are attributed to faulty sight.

A recent census of 100,000 factory workers revealed that 45 per cent. suffered with eye trouble.

Of the textile workers examined, 80 per cent. were affected; of the office workers, 53 per cent.

What is happening to our eyes? With the growing strain and complexity of living and working conditions are we as a nation threatened with C3 sight?

Not necessarily. The odds are rather against it, for these figures, alarming as they appear, are not only a warning but an assurance.

They are proof that that nation is at least becoming sight conscious; that with improved education and enlightening social services we are now realising that our eyes must be guarded jealously as our most precious possession.

"Not Bothering"

As preventive work goes on, the number of spectacle wearers increases; a big proportion of them are persons who would hitherto have jeopardised their sight by "not bothering."

Tests for young children used to be postponed until they were able to read the familiar Snellen's long-distance chart.

That meant the child had usually to wait until he was about eight years old. By then slight cases had often become acute because of neglect.

But in Leeds, alert school nurses have established an invaluable example. They have shown the way to test the eyesight of five-year-olds either by reading or matching.

In one year they detected incipient eye trouble in 550 children, all under six years old. Two to three vital years saved. . . .

Another masterpiece of prevention was that of Miss Caroline Mann, an industrial nurse in a Leicester stocking factory.

Legal Loophole

She found that girls occupied in a "linking" process — picking up threads of gossamer with fine magnifying glasses—were wracked with headaches, and were nervous and overwrought.

She questioned the girls, considered their symptoms, then agitated successfully for the services of an eye specialist.

He promptly banned the magnifying glasses and prescribed spectacles.

The girls lost their headaches and nerviness, made far fewer errors and found a new pleasure in their work.

Just another addition to the vast army of spectacle wearers. In the old days it would have been the girls, not the magnifying glasses, that had to go.

These cases are among thousands, all helping to safeguard our sight.

Approved societies are now allocating about £500,000 a year to provide their members—collectively numbering 10,000,000—with ophthalmic treatment.

For this money the return, in terms of health and happiness, is incalculable.

Nevertheless, despite all the valuable work of such bodies as the Optical Publicity Board, the ignorance about their eyes of vast numbers of housewives, especially in country districts, remains appalling.

Because of this, thousands of pounds are being charmed from their purses every year by unscrupulous salesmen aided by a grave loophole in the law.

Again and again welfare workers and teachers have found whole families using one pair of glasses.

In one instance a boy confessed to his teacher that after he had used them all day at school, his father borrowed them to read the evening paper and at night mother used them for her sewing!

The glasses had been chosen by the boy from a heap on sale. There had been no test. They just "seemed all right."

Any optician will tell you that the chances of both one's eyes having identical sight are infinitesimal.

Yet these particular lenses —as with most spectacles sold "off the tray"—were identical.

So the glasses benefited no one. In fact, they were steadily ruining the sight of a whole family!

While such ignorance as this persists, quacks peddling glasses from door to door will go on making their rich hauls. And the really valuable work among insurable men and women will be hampered.

Such people must be made aware of the danger of these quacks' wares. They must not be deceived by an impressive manner.

They must be made to realise that the "degrees" the salesmen claim are worthless.

For example: "Q.B.E." (Qualified by Experience), M.O.R.F. (Member of the Royal Fusiliers), A.O.F.S. (Any Old Fool Swindled). These have actually been used!

Stop Quacks

Charlatans are a menace.

They must be stopped at all costs. And there is one certain way to do that.

By registering all qualified opticians, as dentists are registered, the opticians as well as the public would be protected.

As the law now stands there is nothing to prevent anyone from selling spectacles. Anyone can describe himself as an optician or oculist and set up in business.

For years the accredited opticians' organisations have been urging such legislation, and for years they have been turned down.

Meanwhile the quacks chuckle and still rake in money. And thousands of their uphappy dupes are slowly losing their eyesight.

Just a Human Story

Cupid at the G.P.O.

YOU might imagine that our prosaic General Post Office plays no part in lovers' quarrels, even when it causes them.

But I have found out that it does. Acting as Cupid is one of the services it doesn't advertise!

This is how I found out:

Some time ago my fiancée had urgent business in Liverpool, where I live, and travelled up from Shropshire for the purpose.

Anxious to meet me, she sent from the G.P.O. a wire, which I never received.

* * *

Weeks went by. I couldn't understand why no letter came from her. I grew more and more worried. How was I to know that she had sent me a telegram and believed that I had ignored it?

Then, some weeks after, when we met by accident, she told me of the wire. And I decided, quite frankly, that she was lying.

I might not have reached so harsh a conclusion, if it hadn't been for a certain stand-offishness in her manner. But, after all, she knew she had sent that wire.

* * *

She, in her turn, had every reason to suspect my word.

Well, we eventually made application to the General Post Office. An official was able, at long length, to produce the original telegram, with no evidence at all that it had been delivered!

So she was cleared

But how unfortunate for me! The circumstances were such that she was strengthened in her belief that I was a liar.

There then followed a serious estrangement between us. A telegram—a thing that has made so many romances—had marred ours

At last I decided that the General Post Office had to be told the whole story. The happiness of two people was in its officials' hands. They had got to find out the full facts, and they had got to send them to *her*.

They would stick to red tape, no doubt. In any case, they would point out that any letter as to the reception of a telegram would have to be written to me.

Still, I would see. . . .

Well, I have seen.

* * *

The Superintendent of Telegraphs not only hounded that wire down, but wrote the fullest explanation and most wholehearted apology to my fiancée.

Romance calls in a loud voice—even to Officialdom!

Charles Sealeaf,
Liston Street,
Walton,
Liverpool.

double your pleasure with..

PARK-DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

BLUFFERS who bloom in the SPRING

A stranger knocks at your door . . . and he comes armed with scores of plausible dodges

Every year at this time they start a new campaign. And every year, it seems, their hauls grow larger. Probably YOU will be marked down as a victim in the next few weeks. Read this article and be prepared.

IT'S the doorstep brigade that gets really busy just now.

They know that in the Spring the housewife's fancy lightly turns to little luxuries—something new and bright to finish off the thorough annual cleaning.

With very rare exceptions these bargains all have a catch in them.

Commonest trick is the "free gift" lure.

A charming young man arrives to ask if you have received your free gift from a certain firm. He opens a case filled with attractive looking articles—fountain pens, tooth brushes and cosmetics of every kind

All these are free, provided only that the housewife buys some considerably more valuable article for which she must pay cash, and which she is told will be delivered in a few days' time.

In order to make his story more impressive the representative hands over what purports to be a guarantee. It is worthless, and the article on which a liberal deposit has been paid never arrives.

The free gifts, too, turn out to be rubbish.

Most widespread of all the door-to-door ramps is the tea bonus.

Housewives are persuaded to buy a pound of tea a week, at an exaggerated price, over a period, on the promise that they will share in a wonderful profit scheme with a cash gift.

The snag is that the period is not clearly stated, and it all usually ends up with the housewife buying cheap tea very dearly.

Some time ago one of the most active gangs was trapped.

Luke Jobbling, the controller, was sent to prison for eighteen months and his wife and others who assisted him were bound over.

THEY had run two concerns, called the Empress Dividend Tea Company and the London Dividend Tea Company, from rooms in Euston Road.

Huge quantities of tea were bought at 11d. to 1s. 3d. a lb. and sold by their canvassers at 3s. 4d. by the big bonus snare.

Greediest of the sharks profess to have acquired stocks of materials through bankruptcies and forced sales.

Their touts deliver leaflets offering large bath towels at 4s. a dozen, Jap silk at 6s. a dozen yards, and dusters, glass cloths, shirtings, silk stockings, calico and suitings at equally amazing prices.

When the goods arrive, always after full payment or a large deposit has been handed over in advance, they prove to be utter trash.

Then there is the linoleum trick.

A man knocks at the door and says he has just finished laying linoleum at a show house in a new estate near by.

He has a good length over which he will sell cheaply.

It is wrapped up, and when he has gone it is found that there is nothing like the length mentioned, and it is shoddy stuff not worth more than a few pence a yard.

Not so general but with rapidly increasing numbers of victims in better class houses is a clever carpet swindle.

The "West Gang" is the name the police have given to one group about which many complaints have been received, particularly from the Midlands.

Every member uses the name "West," and their haul includes biggish sums.

First move is made by a man wearing the uniform of a ship's officer. He calls at a house with the story that he has just returned from sea and wishes to sell a beautiful carpet.

It certainly looks good, and his suggestion that a few pounds should be paid on account until the prospective buyer has had it valued seems reasonable.

Next day another man calls saying he just missed buying the carpet he understands has been left there by the seafaring man. He now finds it will match another carpet he has and which he has brought with him.

SKILFULLY he manages to convey the impression that the carpet on which the householder has paid a deposit is very valuable.

As he intended, this merely strengthens the disinclination of the householder to sell.

The unsuspecting victim finishes up by buying the "partner" carpet and frequently pays a fancy price, imagining that even that is a bargain figure.

In one instance at Birmingham more than £100 changed hands.

Next to the doorstep species the type of rogue who probably sprouts most prolifically in these daffodil days is the begging letter writer.

Most practised of these scroungers is an old codger blessed with the name of Timothy Todd Potts.

But as that signature became too notorious he has lately sent out his epistles as "T. Todd, Litt. D."

As an elderly man fallen upon adversity he offers a copy of his "Evening Prayer" and asks people to send him what they think it is worth.

Matrimonial agencies love the springtime. It is their heyday.

They abound in all manner of guises, but the worst and most persistent of them is the Universal Correspondence Club, of Cambridge Street, Victoria, London, S.W.

Bertram Clare, the proprietor, is of German origin, and before the War was known as Bertram Curtz.

HE sends his treacly circulars as far afield as America and Australia.

It was disclosed in one court case that a man, sent to prison for two years for duping women, had become acquainted with a number of his victims through this agency.

Concerns anxious to provide capital for buying businesses are always on the prowl, but they too are more active about this time.

Many of them are simply fee-snatchers.

Two of the biggest of these bluffers are Morton and Company, of Clapham Road, London, S.W., and A. E. Colbourne, now in Cavendish Street, London, W., after operating from various other addresses in London and the North.

Bogus song writers, of course, are in the first flight.

"Mugs who sing in the spring—tra la" is their theme tune.

Plenty of them, too, but Julian Wright, of Canterbury Road, Herne Bay, and Peter Derek, Ltd., of Wardour Street, London, lead the band.

Be on the look-out specially for the picture enlargement pests. Their favourite dodge is to offer a free enlargement of a treasured photograph.

WHEN it turns up there is a big charge for a frame.

In the market-places throughout the land the gentlemen determined to give you gold watches and rings for nothing will be out in their vivid new shirts, sleeves rolled up to prove there is no deception.

Spring seems scarcely the time for earning extra money by doing work at home, but the scores of firms who batten on this meanest of all rackets appear to think so.

Their cunningly worded literature is going out with a rush.

Typical is the bait of the Melton Manufacturing Company, of Leicester.

Men and women, many of them unemployed and desperate, who rise to it imagine that the outlay is one pound.

They find they have to lay out considerably more money for a machine or tools and materials.

In the end it is doubtful whether any of the completed articles are bought. If they are, the profit is nothing like what was promised, and often the return barely covers materials and labour.

These master bluffers who are out to take your money in the big Spring drive are legion, so be on your guard.

Just elementary caution and commonsense will protect you from them.

"Greatest of These . . ."

A hungry family and no food to offer them

A LONG and dreary winter has taken its toll among the workless ex-Servicemen and their families.

With the dreary political situation, people have had less time to think of their unfortunate neighbours. And the result is that the workless have had to put most of their possessions in pawn. Even blankets—still badly needed—have gone to provide food.

How pathetically grateful are those whom we have been able to help. An ex-Serviceman's widow wrote: "My rent is clear, and I have been able to get some shoes for the children. My invalid son seems a lot better now that I have been able to give him some nourishment.

"I shall never forget your goodness to my children and myself. 'Thank you' seems small, but I know you will understand that it comes from my heart."

Do not let the political clouds cast an even darker shadow over men who served in the Great War, and who are now battling the poverty and disease that followed in its train.

Our Fund depends on our readers' generosity to enable it to carry on. Do, please, send all that you can spare to the Hon. Secretary, John Bull War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given.

We gratefully acknowledge 7s. 6d. from B. M. W. (Lympne).

MOST HATED MAN IN GERMANY—

That is the title Willi Frischauer, writer of this article, has earned for himself. Author of "Twilight in Vienna" and "Political Underworld" he dared Nazi wrath by examining Hitler's early life in Austria. Yet Frischauer escaped with more secrets than any other non-Nazi journalist has ever discovered.

What happens to enemies of the Nazi régi
A celebrated journalist gives the answer
reveals objectively the—

SECRETS of the GESTAPO

"DON'T make a scene; come along quietly. . . ."

That is how it happens: two men step forward in a crowded street, take the suspect by his arms, bundle him quickly into a car and drive off.

Maybe one of them says quietly: "Police," or "Secret Police," but the victim is not sure and is too frightened anyway to resist. Before he knows what has happened the car stops at the "Alex"—the police headquarters in the Alexander-Platz, Berlin-North.

The prisoner sighs with relief, because it seems that his captors are not from the Gestapo after all, but just ordinary policemen. So there is not much to worry about. These are critical times, and you never know what you have done to warrant arrest, but everything will be all right in the end. . . .

Dreaded Word

One of the agents remains with the prisoner in a little room, while the other walks into the office next door. Through the thin wall he can hear that they are talking about him there.

Then, suddenly, there can be no doubt about it. He definitely hears the dreaded word. GESTAPO.

A few minutes later he is back in the car with his guards and on the way to. . . .

* * *

The car drives on through Berlin's most fashionable districts, turns into a wide lane and then goes off sharply to the right.

The street sign says: Prinz Albrecht Strasse. The car stops at Number Eight.

What hopes the prisoner cherished so far are gone. As he enters the building he sees the ominous inscription: Gheime Staats-Polizei—Secret State Police.

These are the headquarte s of the organisation which in the six years of its existence has earned as gruesome a record as any in the history of mankind. Over it rules Heinrich Himmler, also Chief of Police and leader of the S.S.—the black uniformed Nazi Protective Guards.

* * *

The big white building, with its wide lounge, was formerly one of the many private residences in the Prinz Albrecht Strasse.

When it was chosen as headquarters of the Gestapo it was only slightly altered. So a peculiar inappropriate atmosphere still prevails. Soft carpets cover the floor, magnificent pictures adorn the walls. All sounds seem to be muffled, nobody speaks aloud.

Such is Berlin's house of terror. You can get in quite easily, because there are many departments open for public inquiries. But you may only leave the building with a pass issued by the official with whom you have been dealing.

Let me correct one wrong impression that has spread abroad. They even treat prisoners nicely at these offices. No third degree questions, no searchlight turned on to blind a suspect. Some prisoners are offered cigarettes, sometimes a glass of sherry.

So long as a man answers questions he is all right. But if he refuses or does not prove amenable he is taken downstairs.

EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT THERE. SIX FLOORS UNDER THE EARTH EXTENDS THE PRISON OF THE GESTAPO. A LIFT TAKES YOU DOWN DEEPER THAN LONDON'S DEEPEST TUBE AT HAMPSTEAD.

Open Grave

The cells are tiny, and they contain only a wooden plank and a wall-table with a jug of water. No chair, no mattress, nothing else. Lights in the corridors are dim. There is no light in the cell.

It has the atmosphere of an open grave, and there are few who could bear it for long. The only sound down there is the moaning of fellow-prisoners, whose nerves have broken under the strain of darkness and solitude.

But confinement usually does not last long. Once a prisoner has broken down he is quickly taken upstairs. He is in a condition to answer any question.

Rather than be taken back, a prisoner will confess everything, admit even what is not true, give away friends whose names come first into his tormented mind.

Then the agents of the Gestapo make another swoop. Their motto is: Arrest first, investigate later. They have powers of precedence over every other authority in Germany. When Himmler or one of his men gives the signal, nobody is safe from arrest.

* * *

Just one man I know could not be broken by the silence and darkness of the cells below. From him I heard the Gestapo's alternative method.

"Will You Confess?"

He was arrested on suspicion of having carried on anti-Fascist propaganda. After three days in the cellars of the Prinz Albrecht Strasse they took him away.

Only later did he learn that the new cellars to which he was transferred were those of Columbia House, a former office building, now a branch of the Gestapo.

I shall never forget the day when this man told me all about it. Events which he described were six months old. Yet his eyes were still wide open with fear.

I had to drag out of him every word, and he trembled while he spoke, his anxious eyes wandering round the room searching every corner for fear we were being overheard.

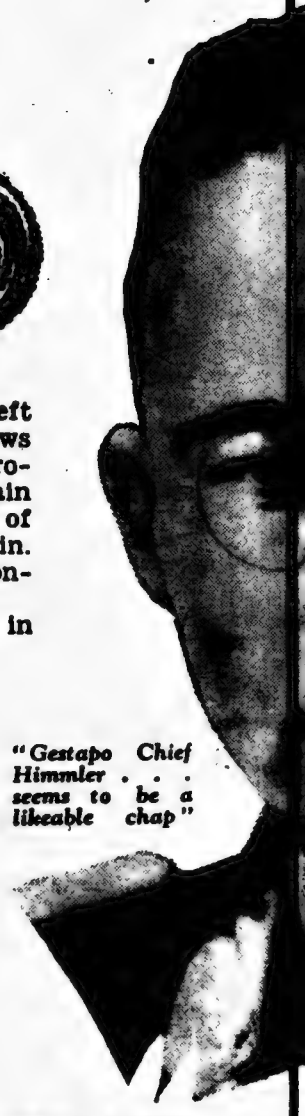
From the moment he arrived in Columbia House and was taken below he heard only these words:

"Will you confess?"

But before he had time to reply his clothes were ripped off him and from all sides came long wet towels smashing against his bare skin. He dropped but was still conscious, and the heavy blows of the wet, prickling towels continued.

No marks were left on his body. Blows with a wet towel produce maximum pain with a minimum of injury to the skin. At last he fell unconscious.

He was tortured in this way three times a day for a week. He had nothing but bread and water to eat. In eight days he lost twenty-five pounds in weight.



"Gestapo Chief Himmler . . . seems to be a likeable chap"

"He will be all right now," said one of his tormentors on the eighth day. He was released without comment or explanation.

Never in his life would he talk politics again, he confessed to me that day.

* * *

Such practices must seem inexplicable to an Englishman. But it is not to anybody who has studied Nazi philosophy. Hitler himself admits that "he learned to appreciate the importance of physical terror," and his words are the gospel of Nazis.

The Gestapo is the instrument which administers physical terror in Hitler's name throughout Germany. Among its varied activities this is most important.

To Spread Fear

The scene in the Prinz Albrecht Strasse in Berlin repeats itself in every German capital. It makes no difference whether the Gestapo works in Berlin, at the Hotel Metropole in Vienna, or in Leipzig at 21, Philipp Rosenthaller Strasse.

THE GESTAPO'S TASK IS TO SPREAD FEAR IN EVERY

me?
and

By Willi Frischauer

Hitler receives heads of his secret police

FORM, AND IT IS DUE TO FEAR OF THE GESTAPO THAT THE PEOPLE OF GERMANY DARE NOT RISE AGAINST THEIR OPPRESSORS.

Victims of Gestapo terror are not even carefully selected. Police agents and their paid or voluntary helpers have a wide scope of activity.

They are carefully installed in every block of flats, in every office, in every army unit, even in party offices.

Every porter must report on every tenant; gatherings of more than six people must be reported to the nearest police station; casual remarks are noted.

Prominent Nazi leaders are not exempt from supervision.

Once Goering himself complained to Hitler that he was being followed by two men. He was sure they were Gestapo agents. Hitler wondered and called in Himmler, the Gestapo Chief.

"Yes, Fuehrer," said Himmler, "I am having Goering watched, but only for his own safety. It is our duty to protect him. And . . . ," Himmler continued with his tongue in his cheek, ". . . it is always useful to know the exact moves of your friends."

Hitler approved. Hitler always approves of Himmler. Hitler, in fact, has made Himmler the most powerful man in Germany. It came about like this.

There was, of course, a political police department in Germany before Hitler. It was called A.1.

When Hitler assumed power in 1933 he wiped out this office with one stroke of his pen. All members of Department A.1. were arrested.

Goering himself stepped into the gap. There must be a political police in Nazi Germany, he said. So he created a new department, and filled its posts with S.S. men who had done him a great service.

These were the men he had induced to enter the Reichstag building through a subterranean corridor from his own villa, soak the curtains with petrol and prepare everything for the unhappy half-wit van der Lubbe to fire the building and "commit the greatest Communist crime in history."

Supreme

These men, Goering thought, must never be found out. Nobody must ever have a chance to question them. By what better means could this be achieved than by making them police officers themselves?

They were installed in Department A.1., the name of which was changed to Secret State Police. The Gestapo was born and given supreme powers in Prussia.

Soon other German States followed the example, and after the administrative unification of Germany a common united State organisation was created. It was the Gestapo in its present form, of which Goering said—exactly six years ago—"it will have a glory such as Germany has never known."

Only the S.S., the élite guard of Hitler, were eligible for posts in the Gestapo. These are the best trained men in Germany, of pure Aryan blood for eight generations.

But these men proved the only weakness in what seemed otherwise to be Goering's masterpiece. Since they were S.S. men they found themselves owing a double allegiance: to Goering as their police chief and to Himmler as leader of the S.S.

Ex-Teacher

Invisible interference hampered the work of the Gestapo. So, to retain the efficiency of what had become a pillar of the Nazi régime and a vital instrument of his power, Hitler decided to appoint Himmler as Gestapo chief instead of Goering.

I met Himmler in 1933 before his rush to power. This ex-schoolmaster is an extraordinary fellow. He is short-sighted—almost helpless without his glasses.

In conversation Himmler seems to be a likeable chap. But behind his apparent benevolence, accompanied by friendly taps on your shoulder, and innocent smiles, is one of the most ruthless personalities of our age.

Himmler is one of Hitler's best friends. He carried the Nazi flag during the abortive "Beerhall putsch" in Munich in 1923. And since then Hitler has trusted him.

Himmler's orders preceded Hitler's entry into Vienna. More than a thousand flats were cleared of their occupants. Tenants were told to look for accommodation somewhere else. In the empty flats a small army of S.S. was installed, watching the route of Hitler's march.

A HUGE GESTAPO DETACHMENT SWOOPED ON THE CITY: TEN THOUSAND ARRESTS WERE MADE IN A FEW HOURS.

To protect Hitler the Gestapo is allowed to do anything. Himmler need only evoke this sacred cause to make himself master of every German's fate. Every other consideration recedes before his purpose: the Fuehrer's safety.

After six years of activity, department E.1.—internal bureau of the Gestapo—can be regarded a flawless organisation.

"Spider's Web"

Eight months ago I had a letter from a Gestapo man in Vienna, a former police officer in the Schuschnigg government and illegal Austrian S.S. man. In Nazified Austria he was given a Gestapo job, and he wrote to me about it.

Three weeks later he was in Dauchau concentration camp.

The "Brown Spider's Web," as it has been called, covers all Germany. But in the files may also be found particulars about thousands of foreigners.

The foreign service of the Gestapo is a diplomatic organisation of its own. It covers even German Embassies and Legations abroad, to each of which—his identity unknown to the German Ambassador or minister himself—a Gestapo man is attached.

In a country so happily free from distrust and suspicion as Great Britain, it is difficult to realise the atmosphere in which all Germans have to live.

The Gestapo has reduced their country to a land of whispers, where a man cannot trust his son, and a brother dare not speak his mind in front of his sister.

But I have seen this spirit of distrust carried abroad. With every unit of German troops occupying annexed territory a special detachment of the Gestapo spreads itself among the population.

Dare Not Strike

During the past year, special efforts were made to complete the Gestapo's record of London. Two of the slickest agents were sent to this country: one to "step into society" and gather material about the more important personages and politicians; the other to intensify supervision of emigrants and political opponents.

But these agents dare not strike here.

On British soil any prospective victim can feel safe. Gestapo agents know that the British Secret Service is a perfect match for them in all but ruthlessness.

I know of a smart foreign-owned restaurant which opened in London with microphones attached to every table. I started warning my friends. My warnings proved unnecessary.

The proprietors of the place were quietly told to close down and quit the country. **They will never come back to Great Britain.**

"They Don't Remember Faces!"

There was a shout behind him and he was stopped by the outspread hand of a policeman

Complete Short Story

by Michael Hastings

"DANGER?" Philip Jelks gave a slim smile as he reached for another cigarette.

"Forget it! I tell you it's over twelve years since I was last around in these parts. I was a youth then, all pimply in the face. Pimples, see? That's what people would remember about me."

Dan Goodman rubbed his roughish chin. "I'm not so certain of that. Didn't you tell me that you had to clear out of your home town pretty quickly?"

Jelks took a long time over blowing out the match which he held between his strong fingers.

"Quite probably I did. It's true, anyway. But you needn't get imagining that I'm wanted for robbing the local bank, or anything like that. There was a neat trick I used to put over."

A satisfied light came into his otherwise mean eyes.

"A very neat trick," he repeated. "I can't claim to have been the exclusive owner of the method. But I do claim that I thought it out myself."

Goodman knew how to keep on the right side of a talkative Jelks. Tact was essential because it was Jelks who dealt with their finances and thought out new methods of increasing them.

"I'll wager it was a neat scheme," he said, with exactly the correct amount of admiration.

"Not bad for a youngster trying to find his feet."

Again the smile. "I was never much inclined towards hard work. Only fools work.

"BUT I'll tell you about it as you're so anxious to know. It was in the days before cigarettes were provided with cellophane wrapping.

"I saved the packet from twenty cigarettes and was careful to keep it clean and uncrushed.

"I used some good scales to get the exact weight of twenty cigarettes complete with packet. Then I filled my dummy packet with shavings wrapped in paper so that it came to exactly the same weight.

"You couldn't tell the difference between the two packets without actually opening them.

"I can still remember the try-out. I went to a shop which had just been opened. There was a middle-aged man there. I can see him now.

"His hair was growing a little grey and thinning at the temples. He shaved very neatly and looked as spruce as the manager of a chemist's shop.

"I asked him for twenty cigarettes. He turned to the shelf and passed them over. I gave him a half-crown and he moved away to get the change from his cash drawer.

"WHILE he was half-turned away I moved my hands quickly, and instead of the genuine cigarettes being on the counter there was my specially prepared packet.

"He came back with the change and I asked him if he could give me cork-tipped instead. He was eager to oblige: so eager that I apologised for giving him the extra trouble.

"And I walked out of his shop with forty cigarettes for my shilling." His slim smile flickered back into life. "How I laughed about it and wondered what would happen when he gave my packet to some other customer!"

"Very neat indeed," Dan Goodman approved, knowing that it would not be wise to admit that he had heard of it being done before.

Having reaped the glory in the telling, Jelks became modest. His hands moved in deprecation.

"It was a trivial thing," he said. "But I felt different about it—being so young. I tried it more than once, I can tell you. But always at a different shop.

"Of course I realised there'd soon be trouble. So I left home."

"And now you've come back again to pull off a big job. I don't feel easy about it. People have long memories, especially for those who give them the worst end of a bargain."

"Nonsense! Nobody will recognise me, I tell you. Didn't I say that I was covered with pimples? Have I got any now? Of course not.

"I'm dressed differently. You'd say I was well-to-do, wouldn't you? You've got the wrong idea about identification. I'll give you an example.

"Describe the man who sat in the far corner of the railway carriage on our journey down."

Dan Goodman's hand went to his chin.

His dark brows came lower over his eyes and nearer to his broad nose. He shuffled uncomfortably.

"Well—he was—um!—he'd got a red nose. A very red nose. I wasn't taking much notice of him; so that's all I can tell you."

JELKS smiled, that same smile which seemed to glide across his lips.

"That proves my point. People don't remember faces—they only recall peculiar characteristics. But that's enough of that. I'll tell you how we're going to pull this job off.

"There's a jeweller's shop along the High Street. They have some good stuff."

"And bars across the windows," Goodman said sulkily.

"That doesn't upset my plan. Look—this is what we do. I shall go in first, talking with a slight American accent. I shall ask to see the best diamond rings they have in stock. . . ."

Philip Jelks looked appreciatively at the rings displayed in the window. His jaws moved steadily up and down.

They were busy with a piece of chewing-gum. His eyes strayed from the window and looked along the High Street.

There were many people outside the swing doors of a popular store. Dan Goodman should be among them. Jelks watched, tapping his foot impatiently. Then he saw Goodman, and his oiled smile slid into place. So far things were going well.

He entered the shop and leaned forward to speak to the elderly man behind the counter.

"A ring. The same size as this one. But not the same quality. Something very much better."

A gesture of slender hands conveyed the impression of magnificence. The rings were produced. A few already in small cases, others on a large card covered in velvet.

"Some of these look good, real good," said Jelks. "And, by the way, I see you've a mighty nice watch there. I

(*Continued on page 24*)

10 New Skins a Year!

Gracie Fields uses Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream

therefore surface beauty is not enough . . .

If your beauty-care is only surface-care, you can never hope for a lovely complexion. It's the delicate, growing *underskin* that you must cherish and protect and bring to the surface as exquisite as a rose-petal!

That underskin replaces your surface complexion approximately ten times a year. Work for its beauty now! Use Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream which not only gives your complexion a perfect matt powder finish but is the only cream with the new ingredient specially planned to penetrate to the underskin. You have at least ten chances to make your beauty live and grow by bringing up a new and lovelier complexion from beneath. So remember, surface beauty is not enough: prepare tomorrow's loveliness now!

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades Tubes 6d.—Mirror-fitted Jars 1/—Dressing Table Jars 2/6

POTTER & MOORE'S POWDER-CREAM

"Brings out the Beauty Within"

Treat yourself after the match

The game is over and you feel you need something really worth drinking this time. Something with a bit more *to* it. Something fit for heroes. What's it to be? Of course! Treat yourself to a Guinness.

Even the sight of a Guinness puts you in a happy mood. Just look at that creamy head smiling up at you over the velvet depths. Come on, let's drink . . . Ah, that's the real thing. That taste couldn't be anything but GUINNESS. Full of body and strength, but how clean and fresh and invigorating! When you've finished your Guinness to the last creamy drop, you know you've had something worth drinking.

It makes you wish you had it every day, doesn't it? And so you should!

A Guinness a day is the finest tonic in the world. Treat yourself to a Guinness after the day's work.

G.E. 871

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

"Cooking for John is a thankless task. I don't know how we'll make both ends meet -he's that faddy."
"I know what he'd like -you don't have to be rich nowadays to buy the best."
"It's nice to see you enjoying your tea, John!"
"Well, you've given me a real treat - this salmon's just grand! What's on at the pictures tonight?"

If you had a film star's salary you couldn't buy a better brand of salmon than John West's Middle-cut—there isn't one! It's the plumpest part of a prime fish, gently cooked to mouth-watering tenderness—a feast for a hungry man. Sealed in its own rich natural oils, fresh with the flavour of the sea—each delicate flake is full of nourishment. A helping of John West's Middle-cut Salmon makes a husband feel well fed.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S

Middle-cut SALMON

JELLING, STANLEY AND CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 BASINGHALL, LONDON, E.C.3
J.W. 119-541

Every man between 16 and 60 should Get this FREE BOOK

★ If you want to be fit, have power, confidence, strength, health, perfect physique, such as you have never enjoyed before, send at once for a free copy of a special illustrated book entitled "Supermanity," written by Harold Laurance, the world's most perfect superman, undefeated Triple Strength Champion of Great Britain and Official Olympic Games Representative, who is offering a course of Physical Culture carried out in your own home at only 1/- a week, and there is a £1,000 in cash and other prizes open to all who enrol. Turn to pages 4 and 5 now and get full particulars of his wonderful offer by filling in the coupon.

Turn to the SPECIAL OFFER on Pages 4 and 5.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/-.

EARLY HOLIDAYS in the Golden West

Cornwall, Devon, Somerset and Dorset—those lovely western counties—exercise an irresistible charm and fascination. They call you again this year to choose your holiday resort within their borders.

EARLY HOLIDAYS ARE BEST, BECAUSE

- **The countryside is never fresher than in early Summer**
- **The extra hours of daylight are extra hours of health**
- **You do not add to the late summer overcrowding**
- **You have the advantage of cheaper accommodation**
- **Early travel is comfortable travel**

BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1939" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

HOW YOU GET THERE

Cheap "Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

Cheap 1st and 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies.

GWR

TAKE YOUR HOLIDAYS EARLY

They Don't Remember Faces!

(*Continued from page 22.*)

could do with something like that. Can I see it?"

The watch passed into his hands.

"I'll take it. I can always make up my mind about things I want for myself. Now, we're not going to get mixed up. I'll pay for the watch right away. How much?"

He whipped some notes from a roll which did not contain quite so much genuine money as the jeweller might have thought. Once Jelks had picked up a bundle of clever forgeries. He was never so foolish as to pass them. They were retained to create the impression of wealth.

"Now what about the rings? Difficult job, selecting one. They all look as good as one another to me. D'ye know, I'm afraid I can't do it.

"No, sir. I can't select the one ring that is going to be exactly what the little lady's dreamed about. Tell you what—I'll have to bring her along to pick for herself. I wanted it to be a surprise, but it seems I can't have it that way. Too bad."

OF course it would be all right. They would be only too pleased to let madam see their stock of rings.

The chewing-gum left Jelks's jaws and was pressed neatly under the counter. Everything was ready for a bit of action. The elderly man was reaching for the card of rings. It had been moved well away from him. Jelks shot out a hand to help and the card slipped from the counter.

The elderly man showed surprising agility in coming round the counter.

"Gosh! I'm real sorry about that. Let me help you," said Jelks.

They both started to pick up the scattered rings. Jelks was the first to straighten up and put a little handful on the counter. But one, the finest of the lot, did not get quite that far. It found a home in the nest of chewing-gum.

"We'd better put 'em back on the card to make sure that they are all there," said Jelks. He knew that was the first thing the assistant would do.

They bent their heads together over the task.

"One short. That's funny. We must have another look." It was Jelks again who took the initiative.

THE search was quite successful, from the viewpoint of Philip Jelks.

"I'm real concerned over this," he declared. "You'd better call the manager." The manager was called. He held a whispered consultation with the elderly assistant.

No, he couldn't rightly blame the gentleman for the accident. It did seem to be a perfectly genuine accident. Yes, the gentleman had money with him. He'd already bought a watch and paid for it.

Jelks stepped forward.

"This is a mighty awkward position, sir," he announced, stressing the obvious. "Now, you don't know me, or anything about me. I've bought a watch from you—and paid cash. And the ring was dropped by accident, along with several others. My opinion is that it's rolled away somewhere. You'll get it when you shift the showcases.

"But that isn't the point. You don't know that the ring will be there. How do you know that I didn't slip it into one of my pockets? You don't!"

He raised a hand to check the manager's protests.

"I don't know which way the law works over here; but I've a suspicion that if you call the police and have me questioned it might result in a bit of trouble."

The manager hastened to confirm that such a situation could be highly dangerous, and might well result in an action.

Philip Jelks's smile slid into place.

"Very well. I tell you what I'll do. I am going to ask you to search me."

And after a conference, in which Jelks managed to insist on the search, a very perfunctory one was made

The manager's hands were unsteady and he was obviously distressed. But Jelks parted from him in a very agreeable manner, and left him searching about the floor in an attempt to discover the missing ring and to conceal the flush which had spread over his face.

Jelks walked briskly away and passed Dan Goodman. They exchanged a sign and Goodman went towards the shop from which his confederate had just emerged. He was to go in and have a new strap put on his wristwatch, at the same time deftly removing the ring from its place under the counter.

And while Jelks was waiting, he went into a shop to get some cigarettes. He had only a small packet and came out with the change from half a crown, with the old, crafty smile on his face. Of course, he had not been recognised.

BACK into the very shop where he had pulled off his first crime! That would be something to tell Dan Goodman.

In the distance he could see Dan coming out of the shop. But Dan was not following instructions. He dived for a taxicab and was off before Jelks realised what was happening.

It didn't take Jelks long. He knew a double-cross when he came on it. Dan must have moved his luggage over to the station and was ready to clear out with the ring.

He raced for the taxis which lined the centre of a side street.

"The station—and drive like fury!" he cried.

It was a short journey; but two hold-ups in the traffic made him anxious. It might just about give Dan the time he wanted to slip on the first train.

The taxi swung into the station yard, and Jelks jumped out. He tossed a two-shilling piece to the driver and started to run for the platform. There was a train in and he could see Goodman entering a third class compartment.

Then there was a shout behind him, and he was stopped by the outspread hands of a policeman.

"There seems to be some trouble with your taxi driver, sir," he was told.

The man came running up. He thrust a coin under the policeman's nose. "Give me a bad two-bob piece, 'e did. There's been a lot of 'em passed in the last week or two."

The train moved away from the platform. Jelks stared after it. Goodman had tricked him; but that wouldn't do Goodman much good. He had no idea of disposing of anything so valuable as the ring. It was inevitable that the police would lay their hands on him.

He turned to the taxi driver and started to apologise. He adjusted the matter, adding a more liberal tip. Then he turned to the policeman. His old assurance came flooding back. He smiled.

"That's all right now, officer," he said.

"I'm not so sure, sir," said the man in uniform. He was frowning. "I shall have to ask you to come along with me. Your name's Philip Jelks, isn't it?"

* * *

Joseph Banks, tobacconist, turned to his wife with a mischievous smile.

"It's taken a long time to get my own back," he said gleefully. "But I've done it. I gave him that bad two-shilling piece. I suppose he thought he wouldn't be recognised after all this time.

"As though anybody could forget that slimy smile of his! Shouldn't be surprised if even the police don't remember him by that!"

Not from the B.B.C.

Waiting at the Church

She caught him!

Waiting at the church, lads, waiting at the church,
Man is always waiting—waiting at the church!
The parson's in the vestry,
The bridegroom's "in a state,"
The guests are in their places,
But ev'ryone must wait
Because the nuptial knot can't very well be tied
Until the guilty parties are standing side by side,
So yet another tune's by the organist supplied
While ev'ryone is waiting—waiting for the bride!

HOW often has some poor wretch stood chewing his handkerchief, messing up his tie or running an agitated finger round his collar, with his last minutes of freedom ticking away and an optimistic best man assuring him, "It won't be long now, old chap!"

Sometimes the agony is so prolonged that hope enters the heart of the doomed man—perhaps, after all, his beloved has changed her mind. . . . But it is only in fiction that eleventh-hour reprieves come to hand. In real life the bride, at long last, always arrives.

Nor does it ever occur to her that she may arrive to find that the 'groom and the best man have adjourned for a quick one, the photographers hurried away to keep an appointment with a panda, the vicar left to see a bishop about a dog.

Knowing that the balloon cannot go up without her, she takes her time, and this usually well-informed column for long imagined that her idea was that she couldn't start too soon training her chosen victim in readiness for the hours he must spend as a husband waiting while she put her hat on.

But the explanation is otherwise. For when Canon W. H. Gay, of Hampshire, protested against weddings being, as it were, turned into wait-for-age events, he was told that it is "correct" for a bride to be late, it being "bad form to show too much eagerness to be married."

We, of course, knew (having once been young ourself and less of a sourpuss than now) that during the courting period it is etiquette to assume that man is the relentless hunter and woman the timid quarry.

But need this deception be persisted with when victim, vicar, verger, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all are waiting to do their stuff?

"What hypocrisy!" says Canon Gay. "And what childishness! Of course they are eager for matrimony; if not, why come at all?"

Howe'er reluctant you may seem,
Howe'er your tongue may falter
Those fatal words "I will" to say,
My dear, you can't bluff Canon Gay—
He knows who wears the halter!

How boy gets (or is got by) girl
Experience has taught him;
Too many a bride his church has graced
Who by some man was chased and chased—
Until at last she caught him!

Y. Z.

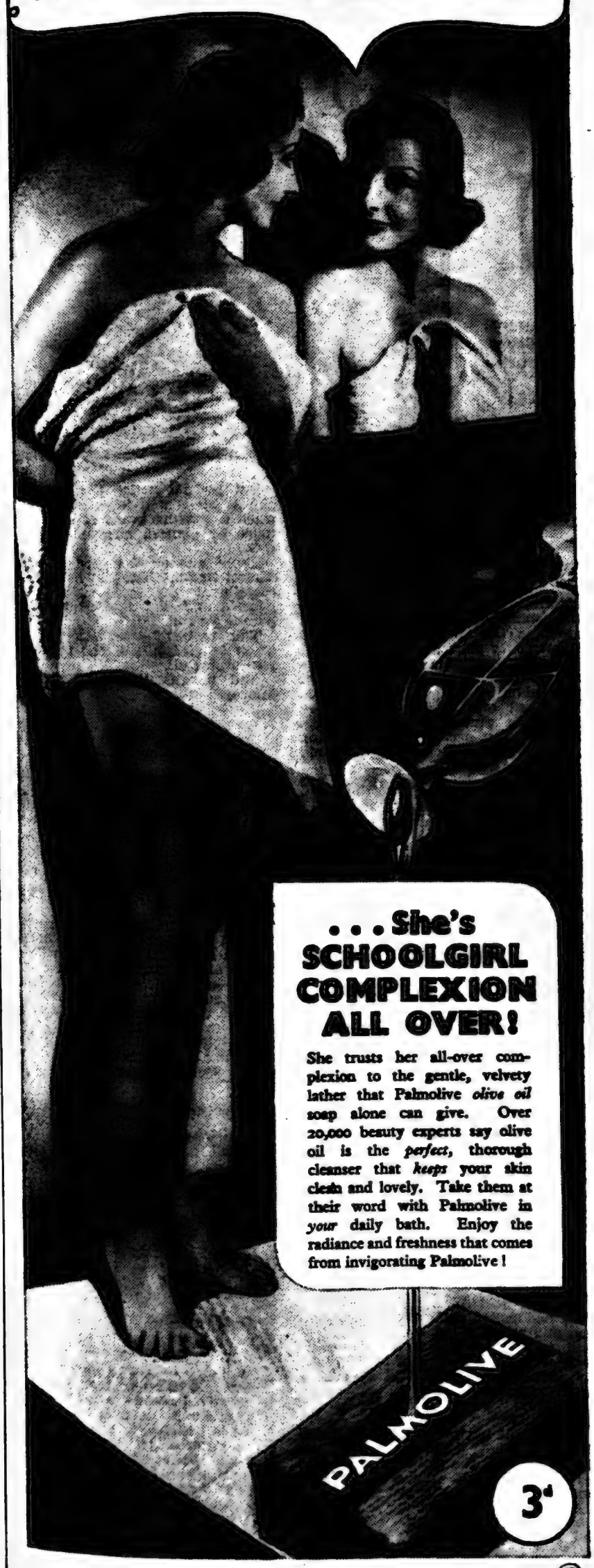
TRY THE NEW

GILLETTE BLADE

Gillette again make shaving news by the introduction of the new *Thin* Gillette blade at 6 for 1/-—specially designed for people with sensitive skins. A trial will convince you that these golden-coloured *Thin* Gillette blades—honed to the famous Gillette edge—will give you maximum shaving comfort at minimum cost!

HOME
VIA
ABBEY ROAD
LONDON'S LARGEST BUILDING SOCIETY
HEAD OFFICE:
ABBEY HOUSE, BAKER ST., N.W.1
CVS—J61

NOT JUST A 'HEAD AND SHOULDERS' BEAUTY



. . . She's SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION ALL OVER!

She trusts her all-over complexion to the gentle, velvety lather that Palmolive *olive oil* soap alone can give. Over 20,000 beauty experts say olive oil is the *perfect*, thorough cleanser that *keeps* your skin clean and lovely. Take them at their word with Palmolive in *your* daily bath. Enjoy the radiance and freshness that comes from invigorating Palmolive!

No more rough-and-ready wringing!

ACME CONTROLLED PRESSURE wrings the whole wash thoroughly—in half the time

Make haste and see the wonderful new

ACME 55

CLEANSER

PORTABLE WRINGER

Yes! you can cleanse-wring everything in the biggest family wash—easily and quickly—with the new Acme 55. Pressure can be instantly adjusted to suit different fabrics—a turn or two of the single screw-handle does it!

Ask your Hardware Dealer about these BRILLIANT NEW FEATURES

New-design twin boards with "permanent wave." New-type reversible two-way drain. New turning handle. New "telephone" grip for lifting wringer and for adjusting pressure on rollers.

It's a fact! From now on you can get the washing results you've always wanted. Without wrenching your wrists over hand-wringing. Without straining yourself over a cumbersome old-fashioned wringer. The new Acme Cleanser-Wringer will give you a whiter wash than you've ever seen. How is it done? By controlled pressure! Pressure that acts evenly over the whole width of the rubber rollers. Pressure that removes all the particles of dirt and soap-scum which remain in the clothes after rinsing.

And what a quick, thorough worker the new Acme 55 is! Far ahead of hand-wringing. Independent tests have proved that it gets out twice the amount of water—in half the time.

The very sight of the new Acme 55 will bring a sparkle to your eyes! Neat compact design. Gleaming chromium. Lustrous blue enamel. Useful new features at every point. Reliable? It's guaranteed for ten years! Go straight to your Hardware dealer this morning. Ask to see the new Acme 55. Check up on what you've just read. You won't rest content until you have an Acme Cleanser-Wringer for your very own.

WRINGER-MANGLE-CLEANSER-all in one!

Have you a washing Machine? However good a washing machine may be, it is the work of the wringer afterwards that removes that last stage dirt and loose soapy scum. That is why it is so important to see that your washing machine is fitted with an Acme—the finest wringer ever made.

The PORTABLE Acme 55 illustrated above costs 49/6 for the 16-in. size; 47/6 for the 14-in. size. If you have more room choose either Acme FOLDING STAND model (39/-) or the Acme CABINET model (77/6). All these models are fully described in booklet 551 obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from ACME WRINGERS LTD., DAVID ST., GLASGOW.

Gardeners

WHEN TO SOW. HOW TO PLANT. WHAT TO GROW.

- and thousands of Hints in the NEW 56 page

PLUVEX HANDY GUIDE

Flowers, vegetables, fruit trees—it deals with them all. Planting hints, pruning hints. How to make your own insecticides. How to mix your own fertilizers. A full section devoted to Poultry Keeping. A handy guide simply packed with advice for every-day reference. 3d. Post Free.

And don't forget, whenever there's a roofing job to be done, that PLUVEX ROOF FELT is the most economical roofing material obtainable. Easy to lay, inexpensive, needs no upkeep and gives years of weatherproof service. Best for all small buildings.

Standard weight 5/6 per roll of 108 sq. ft. Heavy weight 7/6. Of all Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants.

Fill in this coupon NOW.

PLUVEX
ROOF FELT

COUPON The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, W.C.1

Please send me a copy of your 56-page Handy Guide, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

To make this perfectly you must use **BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER**

Delicious CASTLE PUDDINGS
(from Borwick's new Recipe Book)

2 oz. butter — 2 oz. sugar
4 oz. plain flour — 1 tablespoon milk
1 egg — 1 rounded teaspoon BORWICK'S
Angelica and glace cherries

Cream the butter and sugar. Add beaten egg and milk. Mix with flour sifted with BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER. Decorate greased moulds with small pieces of cherry and angelica and pour in the mixture. Bake for 20-30 minutes in a moderate oven.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER
and plain flour is cheapest

'RHEUMATISM'

RHUMUV REG. NO. B561,210

An entirely new and genuine remedy is now offered to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, Gout, Sciatica, etc. No baths, no dieting, no electric treatment. Send 3d. for sample and full particulars to:

The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

Reader's Story by Thompson Holt

Imp of SATAN

FINGERING his notebook in the blotchy shade of the date palms, the orderly sergeant shouted to me across the courtyard.

"You're detailed for emergency duty to-day, Holt."

Then he came across and added confidentially: "We may be out looking for mines—a box of gelignite has disappeared from store."

I was in the Palestine Police Force, and we were stationed at Nazareth. In the fortnight since we left Beersheba there had been an outbreak of pilfering. It had begun to tell on the lads' nerves.

And now the gelignite.

Colonel McFarlane, of Surafend H.Q., was due to hold a general inspection next day. I went over to the barrack room to polish up a bit. The C.O. might take it into his head to give duty parades a look-over.

A crowd of the boys were inside. They had had the same idea.

"Hi! Got a box of gelignite concealed anywhere on your person?" grinned O'Reilly. So the news was common property.

"Yeah," I answered. "You can have it for my jack-knife if you want a bargain."

It was only a joke, but the buzz of conversation was silenced. I was not the only man to lose a jack-knife or a tooth-brush, or some other personal property. Sandy, our ration bloke, went on polishing his revolver.

★

"It's been going on a long time now," he remarked, with a half-furtive, half-apologetic glance round. "'B' company went through it." He strode towards the door and lit a cigarette.

"You watch these Arabs around here," he added. "They would take the fillings out of your teeth!"

We heard him starting up his old "tin lizzie" with which he short-circuited the railway at A'Fulé in his daily hunt for rations. Mickey, his monkey pal, always went with him, clinging in some miraculous way to the back of his neck.

Adair, looking through the window, watched them disappear past the sentries. He turned to us.

"What with the cellars and tunnels underneath this village," he said, "and now the gelignite stolen, it looks to me as if somebody's going to do some blasting."

"You're right," exclaimed O'Reilly, "the whole barracks may go up sky high any minute."

"Who is Sandy, anyway?" asked Adair. "I've never seen the fellow before!"

"Be careful," I replied, "or it might be taken the wrong way. Sandy has been on rations work here for years and they think a lot of him."

"Col. McFarlane did not notice the tooth-brush . . . but he did notice the razor which almost hit him a moment later"

At that moment a whistle sounded. Short, sharp blasts indicated trouble. Sergeant O'Connor shouted, "Fall in the emergency party!"

In a few minutes we knew the reason. While we were chatting Sandy had been ambushed only a mile or two away. The C.O. joined our tender, and, as we sighted the ambushed truck, bullets began whizzing overhead in quick fire. But the rebel attack soon turned into hasty retreat.

Sergeant O'Connor, with Adair and myself, discovered Sandy in a gully with his leg smashed by a bullet. He gasped and opened his eyes.

"Blighters nearly got me," he murmured.

From the empty cartridge cases strewn around it was plain that he had been busy.

"Where is Mickey?" he asked.

There was no sign of the pet monkey, but we told him that he was somewhere about and we would find him directly. But Sandy was insistent. He must have his pet first.

"All right," agreed the sergeant. "Adair, hop over to the truck and see if Sandy's blinking ape is anywhere about."

By this time there seemed little chance of rounding up the Arabs. As Adair hurried over to the truck, No. 1 Platoon was already reassembling.

"Not here," he shouted back, and then cried, "It's O.K. O'Reilly has caught him farther up the road."

I saw Adair staring at something in the truck and staring very hard. Presently he beckoned me. Making some excuse to the Sergeant, I joined him.

★

"Look!" said Adair.

He had pulled aside an empty sandbag, and under it lay an assortment of used tubes of tooth-paste, two tooth-brushes, a rolled-up pair of bright socks, my jack-knife, and several rounds of revolver ammunition.

"Mickey!" I exclaimed. So he was the culprit!

Back at the barracks the boys enjoyed the joke. They would have enjoyed it still more if all the stolen property had been found. But only a fraction of Mickey's loot was under the sandbag.

And the gelignite was still missing.

Next day we paraded in the courtyard. Col. McFarlane must have been looking so closely at a man's buttons that he did not notice the tooth-brush that struck a sergeant on the shoulder a yard or two away.

But he did notice the razor which almost hit him a moment later. And when a shaving brush clattered on his topee he glanced questioningly at the C.O.

There was no time for explanation. Almost like machine-gun bullets an odd assortment of tooth-paste, cigarette packets and soap spattered on to the parade ground.

The "sniper" was stationed in the green tangled tuft of the biggest palm tree overhead.

And it was that imp of Satan—Mickey.

★

When his comical little face appeared as he peeped out to see the effect of the fusillade, all attempts of the ranks to keep straight faces were vain.

We roared with laughter, and the Colonel, a good sport, joined in. More, he called off the parade when it had a good half-hour to go.

It was the luckiest thing he could do in a lifetime!

We had scarcely gathered round the canteen hut near-by when it happened. With a roar that shook the village the centre of the parade ground rose into the air in one piece. A column of smoke blackened the sky like a thunder cloud.

When things cleared a bit and we returned to inspect the damage we saw a rather singed and dusty little Mickey searching the débris for his stolen property. But he never saw the gelignite again.

Five Guineas

is offered for your real life adventure story. If accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped, addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

GOT RID OF COLD —GAINED £250

Mrs. E. Eaton

A stubborn COLD is *always* a nuisance to get rid of, reflected Mrs. E. Eaton, Rose Cottage, Westfield, Battle, Sussex, as she considered the recent Crossword Clue, "Stubborn one may be a nuisance to get rid of."

She preferred COLT to COLD as the Answer here and, by similarly working out the preferable Answers to the rest of the Puzzle Clues, this keen competitor won £250. Turn to pages 36 and 37 and, if you enter in time, you can win £3 Weekly Pension, £750 and Free Holidays for Life!

Keep your false teeth clean the easiest, most effective way

'Steradent' is specially made to do one thing—keep your false teeth clean and sterile. You simply put your teeth in a glass of water in which 'Steradent' powder has been dissolved and leave them in this solution overnight or regularly for 20 minutes while you dress (follow directions on the tin). By its own active, harmless energy 'Steradent' penetrates every crevice, dissolving film, removing all stains and sterilizing your dentures.

Dentists cordially recommend 'Steradent' and all chemists sell it in 1/- and 1/9 tins.

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Steradent Limited, Hull and London

SENSIBLE FITNESS

For the middle-aged

To hear some people talk, fitness might be a matter of horizontal bars, dumb-bells, cold baths and country runs for all of us! But leave these things to the youngsters. The basis of *your* fitness should be wholesome food eaten in moderation, reasonable open air exercise and a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning.

Fynnon Salt is the high-road to health in middle-age. It is a combination of those priceless mineral elements found in the waters of world-famous Spas. The elements are Sodium, Potassium, and Lithium, often described as "Nature's Salts of the Earth," and their great virtue is that they give your liver the gentle assistance it needs to do its job properly. This is vitally important, since so many of the troubles of the 40's and 50's are due to a faulty liver—Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and Neuritis, for instance, as well as the bugbear of excess fat. It is just impossible to be well or slim with a liver below par.

But with your teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning, life is very different. Your liver is always in fine working order, your bloodstream always pure. Even your friends notice your trim, active figure, clear skin, bubbling good spirits.

Take Fynnon Salt regularly and be fit at any age! Large tins, 1/3.

Nature's way with all GASTRIC and DIGESTIVE troubles

DRUGS ARE USELESS

except as a temporary palliative. "Suntona" Wholemeal SLIPPERY ELM Food nourishes the body, whilst the fine, gelatinous Slippery Elm Bark (*Ulmus Fulva*) acts as an "internal poultice," soothing the tender, delicate membranes of the intestine, sweetening the digestive tract, healing inflamed tissues, ulcers, piles, etc. **It has prevented appendicitis operation in many thousands of cases.**

Delicious in flavour—easily prepared. Readily digested, and assimilated by the feebiest constitution, "Suntona" is the perfect diet for invalids and all stomach sufferers (Gastritis, Colitis, Ulceration of Stomach, etc.). Try this natural way to health to-day. ½ lb. 1/1d. at Health Food Stores, Boots, Timothy Whites Taylors, etc.

FREE! Test sample 6d., with invaluable FREE 64-pp. book on natural healthy living, "Nature's Healing Powers," from **Suntona Ltd., 89, Exchange Walk, Nottingham.**

Suntona WHOLEMEAL SLIPPERY ELM FOOD

SUNTONA Ltd., 89, Exchange Walk, Nottingham.
Please send me Test Sample "SUNTONA" SLIPPERY ELM Food and Free 64-pp. Book. 6d. (P.O./Stamps) enclosed.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Charlie *is my darling!*

How fast he is growing up! He's a "young cavalier" now all right, sturdy, magnificently built, with glowing health and boundless energy, well equipped to fight his own battles—thanks to Nestlé's. Mother knows that the extra goodness of Nestlé's creamy milk is indispensable to him while he is building those reserves of health on which he will draw for the rest of his life. She gives it to him in all sorts of clever ways—a big creamy spoonful added to his porridge or his cocoa, spread thick on a biscuit, or made into delicious sandwiches. 'Cream Jam' is his favourite spread—but he doesn't know the good it is doing!

It is natural that she should pin her faith to Nestlé's now, because in those anxious early days when he hovered on the brink of life, unable to digest his food, unable to sleep, to put on weight, it was Nestlé's Milk which pulled him round the corner. From his very first feed he started to put on weight, and once begun, he climbed into life hand over fist. What a wonderful discovery that was and how grateful she has been to Nestlé's ever since!

Nestlé's Milk is a splendid food for babies up to the age of six months, and is invaluable for all children up to six years old.

Nestlé's book "Baby", a wise and simple guide through all the ups and downs of baby's early days, and Nestlé's Supplementary Feeding Charts, designed to cover the succeeding years, will be sent to you entirely free on application to Nestlé's Milk Products Limited, (I.F. 312) 6a, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Out of mischief —thanks to

NESTLÉ'S MILK

CROSSWORD No. 149.
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON pages 26 and 27 is presented the 149th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 4, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by enclosing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 27. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £1,750 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

CARS Worked by WIRELESS WAVES!

That cars of the future may have no engines—need no petrol—be driven by wireless waves similar to those used in present-day broadcasting, is the amazing suggestion of a Californian scientist who is using gigantic electric coils to bombard unlikely substances, such as water, potato peelings, etc. From these he has produced an entirely new motor fuel, synthetic rubber, etc. You can read all about this modern alchemist in the April "Armchair Science," now on sale—100 pages, 20 articles and features, 55 photographs, drawings and diagrams. Don't miss: A Visit to the Moon; Seeing the Invisible; Science Cheats Death! Alum Smashing; Hair-breadth measurements, etc., etc.

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

A GRAND TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its great richness in Vitamin B, restores Vitality, strengthens the Nerves, conquers Indigestion, and TONES UP THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

All Chemists 1/3, 3/-, 5/-
Yeast-Pocket Size - 6d.
Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST Rich in VITAMIN-B

152-Page CATALOGUE FREE!

Crowded with Money-Saving Bargains!

Fill in the Coupon on p. 33 for a copy of Pryce Jones' wonderful Bargain Catalogue. It's Free!

Also—don't overlook the unique offer by which for 6/- down you can secure a fine mattress.

Humanist replies to a woman who fears she may be let down, and says we don't want—

SNOB SISTERS

DO *you* ever want to impose your standards on relatives? Do *you* ever feel slightly ashamed when your brother-in-law turns up in the shiny blue serge suit he has had for five years?

Or do you ever wish your sister would not mix quite so freely with the men at the local golf club?

It isn't so easy to answer No. Read this letter I received a day or two ago.

Letters come to me every week from people who have been "let down" by relatives but here is a rather unusual subject. A woman reader living in the suburbs says:—

"This is a funny problem, but for my husband's sake I must try to do something about it. I have a sister living in a country village who is thoroughly good-hearted, but takes no trouble whatever about her house or her appearance.

"I have often spoken to her about it, but she does not trouble, even for the sake of her children. We live miles away, and it does not affect us much at the moment.

"But my husband has just been transferred to this very village where my sister lives.

"Now don't think we are snobs, but we shall be mixing with a decent set of people. My husband and I do not wish to slight my sister.

"She is a jolly sort and would not be easily hurt. But how can we have her calling at our house, looking like a bundle of rags? If only she would be a little more careful about her appearance, but she won't.

She and her husband are quite as well off as we are, but she seems to have a 'kink' about her appearance. My husband does nothing but talk about her. Do try and help us, but how it can be done I don't know."

I know how these people feel, and to a certain extent I can sympathise with them. But the sister is not likely to change her whole habits because her relatives come to settle in the same village. She would create a great deal of gossip if she did.

It must be realised that she is already well known to the "decent set," and is probably something of a local character.

She is jolly and good-hearted by nature; she is likely to be very popular; and her style of dress does not seem nearly so important there as it would do in a fashionable suburb.

She can't be reformed; she must be accepted as she is. A policy of "cutting" or "snubbing" her would be regarded by the other villagers as contemptible.

There are so many worse things than a slatternly appearance. She might be smartly dressed but selfish or unkind or bad tempered; but she is none of these things. She is one of the right sort. She would stand by anybody in trouble.

The writer's problem is created by wanting to impose suburban standards where they won't fit, instead of trying to adapt her own mind to different conditions.

I know a brilliant woman novelist who lives in a country village. She goes about looking a "fright," but she is genuinely loved and respected because she is sound right through and lacks only the surface glamour.

SO many people have the polished surface but nothing more. And, though I do not accuse my correspondent of being one, we do not want to encourage snob sisters.

The next letter deals with a problem which is not unlike the first in essentials, although the conditions are quite different:—

"My husband and I both had good educations and got on well in life until our second child came along. Then my husband became an invalid for months, and with this came a stretch of poverty and struggling. Now we are back again on our uphill climb.

"We are able to move again among the middle classes. Our eldest child is nearing school age and all her playmates attend private or boarding schools. We are not quite in a position to be able to afford that; yet if she goes to the council school we feel she will be looked down on by her companions.

"Some of the other parents are no better off than ourselves, and have to deny themselves the necessities of life to keep their children at private schools.

"Ought we to sacrifice our last pence in this way to keep on a level with our children's friends, or ought we to send the children to a council school and live in comparative comfort?

"We have discussed this problem without arriving at a satisfactory answer. We do hope you can help us and that you will explain the reasons for your decision."

"Our eldest child is nearing school age . . . ought we to sacrifice our last pence to keep on a level with our children's friends?"

There is no doubt in my mind about the answer: the children should go to the council school for a few years at least. If they are clever they may be able to win scholarships to a secondary school about the age of eleven.

The education given in our council schools is generally excellent. The teachers are professionals — not amateurs; and they know their job from A to Z.

Private schools may be good, of course, but many of them are conducted in houses with very little equipment for teaching. There is no medical service, for example, and a small garden is the only playground.

IN this free country of ours any man or woman, with or without qualifications, can start a school. Such a school would stand no chance whatever but for the social pride of parents who don't wish their children to mix with others who do not belong to their set.

The idea of going short of food in order to keep up a false appearance is indefensible. And why should children be compelled to have a second-rate education when there is a first-rate education provided free?

In a democratic country these feudal notions of superiors and inferiors should be laughed out of existence.

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

Tea Tragedy

FOUR o'clock on a cold winter's afternoon, with a ruddy fire dancing in the grate. Right time for tea and toast.

So deciding, a West Country housewife put the kettle on the hob and took down one of those old-fashioned toasting-forks which, for all our modern gas and electric fires, still have a place in country homes.

Then, in a hurry to get a fair-sized mound of bread browned before the kettle boiled, she dropped the fork.

She will never remember completely what followed.

She stooped to pick up the toasting-fork. And her frock must have touched the red-hot bars.

After that she has a dim memory of flames rising round her; of the agony of injured hands as she tried to beat them out; of the arrival of the doctor to tend her extensive burns.

JOHN BULL stood by her throughout four weeks of complete incapacitation. For each of those weeks there was a JOHN BULL payment to make life easier.

All because she had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift by the simple act of signing a coupon.

Such a simple coupon. Inspect it for yourself on page 2. Then—*sign it*. You'll have an easier mind.

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

ONLY 10/- DOWN

REMINGTON HOME PORTABLE

The world's most popular portable. The perfect writing machine—invaluable to business and professional men, teachers, students—and in every home. Has every essential feature of the big office typewriters—scaled down for portable convenience—standard 4-bank keyboard, back-spacer, etc. Weight only 11 lb., size only 12½ x 12 x 5 ins., complete with case. Easy to carry from room to room—convenient for travelling. Will last a lifetime. Only £9.9.0 Cash, or 10/- down and 20 monthly payments of 10/-. For full details send Coupon TO-DAY.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.
199, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.
'Phone: Mansion House 3333.
Please send me particulars.
Name .....
Address .....
OC.227

The New Generation

take Beechams Pills

to keep fit all the time

Modern young people know that Beecham Pills are the most famous of all laxatives, gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Make them your Golden Rule of Health and you'll keep free from everyday ills.

Sold Everywhere.

Worth a Guinea a Box

How Professor Polland, famous dermatologist of Graz University, prescribes for approaching

BALDNESS

Dr. Polland sums up his wide experience of the cause and cure of baldness in a few words—'Ninety per cent. of baldness is caused by starvation of the hair root. When the blood stream fails to feed the hair root, I invariably prescribe Silvikrin, because it is the natural food the hair must have.'

* * *

There is no longer any need for any man or woman to lose his or her hair, thanks to a brilliant series of researches — the work of many brilliant men including Professor Zuntz and Professor Pincus and the famous biochemist Dr. Weidner.

As seen under the microscope — a section of the human scalp, showing the bulbous so-called 'root' which can come right out. The real root is the fibrous growth underneath: it is this that Silvikrin nourishes.

THE most amazing piece of research on hair growth is the combining, by Dr. Weidner, of the fourteen separate and distinct organic components of the natural food the hair must have for its growth. These fourteen elements have actually been prepared, in *nature's exact proportions*, in Silvikrin. When the blood stream fails to nourish the hair roots, dandruff, falling hair, and even baldness result, and *the only thing left to do is to apply Silvikrin.* This explains the spectacular success Silvikrin has had in clearing up dandruff, stopping hair falling, and actually making new hair grow — *as hundreds of doctors all over the world have proved.*

Look up YOUR hair trouble below — see what you need and get your Silvikrin TO-DAY!

WHAT YOU NEED

SILVIKRIN LOTION for your daily hair-dressing to protect you from dandruff and falling hair, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair vigorous, lustrous, and well groomed. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, the regular use of Silvikrin Lotion will maintain it in perfect condition.
Bottles, 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.

PURE SILVIKRIN the concentrated natural hair food in cases of severe dandruff, heavy loss of hair, thinning hair, bald patches and threatening baldness. Bottle, 6/-, sufficient for one month
From chemists, hairdressers and stores.

THIS MAN WAS GOING BALD!

Read this letter from a man who was rapidly going bald until he tried Silvikrin

66 Old Compton Street, W.1.

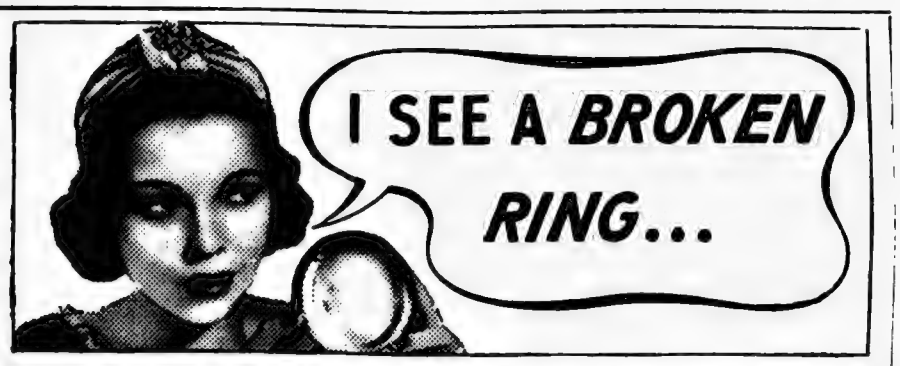
Dear Sirs,

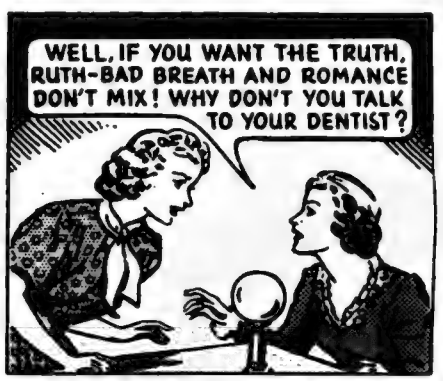
A year ago I was in a motor cycle smash. After recovering I found that my hair was coming out in combfuls, leaving me with bald patches. Many remedies and 'hair growers' that I used were absolutely worthless. Three months ago I decided to try Pure Silvikrin. After applying it for over a month I noticed definite hair growth. I am still applying it and now have complete confidence to carry on.

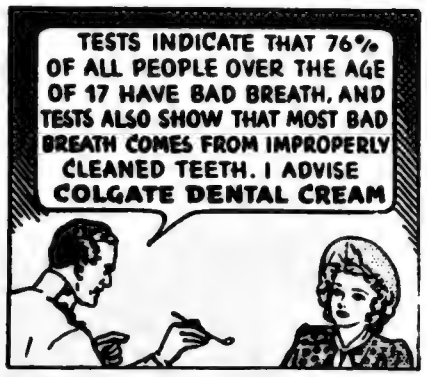
(Signed) Arthur V. Walters

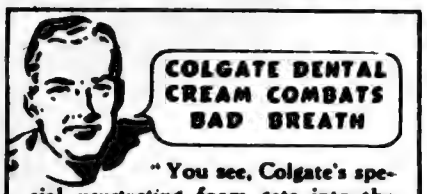
Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

L-77-K






TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent thoroughly cleans the enamel — makes teeth sparkle!"

SMEAR THIS UP YOUR NOSE FOR CATARRH

Go to your Chemist and get NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. Smear a little inside each nostril. Gently sniff it up. "NOSTROLINE" acts in 20 seconds! Clears head. Opens choked-up breathing passages. Reduces discharge. Soothes soreness. Heals inflammation. Kills germs. Lubricates dryness. Disinfects Nose, Throat, Chest. *Over 10,000 doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE."* For Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu, Head Noises, Catarrhal-Deafness, Sore Nostrils. Insist on "NOSTROLINE" and flatly refuse anything else. Sold by all Chemists: 1/3 and 3/-.

Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.10, Bristol, 8.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lenton-reverse adjust. Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Rubber Pedals. Free Wheel and fixed Sprocket. Caliper Brakes. Middlemore's Racing Pattern Saddle. Narrow steel Mudguards. Hold-all Bag. Reflector. Accessories. Lady's or Men's. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

6/- NOW

Supplied Right Hand Drive if desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

INDIGESTION...

By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, Phillips Tonic Yeast quickly conquers INDIGESTION. At the same time your Nerves are strengthened and Blood purified.

All Chemists 1/3 & 3/-

Contains NO DRUG

Phillips TONIC YEAST Rich in VITAMIN B

A FREE BOOK for MOTHERS!

Send at once for a Copy!

EVERY mother ought to have a copy of the valuable and common-sense handbook, "BABY," which deals with all problems and welfare of a young baby. It's FREE! It is a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood, healthy babyhood. Just send a postcard with your name and address clearly written on it, to Nestlé's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.F.312), 6A, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, and a free copy will be posted to you.

HOW TO CURE PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappeared, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually dies down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.N.13, New Court, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

A NEW PROCESS MAKES THE NEW KEENER BLADE

KEENER — LAST LONGER STILL 7 FOR 6D in the WEEKLY WALLET

Pools Parliament

● This is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Go All Out For HOME WINNERS

"HOW can I land a dividend before the football season finishes?" is the theme of scores of letters I have received lately.

To begin with, there is no doubt that for end-of-the-season coupons punters will have the best chance if they concentrate on home wins.

They are always easier to forecast than draws or aways, but the closing weeks of a season almost invariably produce an even bigger percentage.

Then again, in previous years I have found that form is very constant in the last few weeks. In my opinion, this is the time of the season to rely on form forecasts, particularly for home wins.

But it isn't safe to rely on league tables to get a "line" on current form. The pitfalls in that are obvious.

So, to help you with the forecasting problem, I have compiled a list of teams to follow for home wins for the rest of the season, made up from my Graded Guide records and including all the teams which are in good form at the present.

Here is the list:—

Arsenal, Aston Villa, Bolton, Charlton, Everton, Preston, Stoke, Wolves, Blackburn, Bury, Chesterfield, Luton, Millwall, Sheffield W., Southampton, W.B.A., Barnsley, Carlisle, Chester, Gateshead, Lincoln, Oldham, Stockport, Aberdeen, Celtic, Hamilton, Motherwell, Rangers, Bristol C., Southend, Swindon, Watford.

There are 32 teams on this list, and as, on average, half of them will be playing at home each week, there will be quite sufficient matches to choose from.

By confining your selections to these teams only, and using the Graded Guide to eliminate those engaged in difficult matches, you will be able to produce a group of selections giving a high proportion of home wins.

This should solve the first part of the problem, but to give your selections the best chance of success, they should be entered in a systematic way. Below are my suggestions for grouping your selections in a few lines for each of the popular pools.

The number of selections to be made is shown in brackets, and each of the tables gives the biggest error-margin possible for the number of lines used.

Ten-results Pool (13 *selections*).

1.	1	1	1	1	-
2.	1	1	1	-	1
3.	1	1	-	1	1
4.	1	-	1	1	1
5.	-	1	1	1	1
6.	1	1	1	1	-
7.	1	1	1	-	1
8.	1	1	-	1	1
9.	1	-	1	1	1
10.	-	1	1	1	1
11.	1	1	1	1	-
12.	-	1	1	-	1
13.	1	-	-	1	1

Nine-results Pool (11 *selections*).

1.	1	1	1	1	-
2.	1	1	1	-	1
3.	1	1	-	1	1
4.	1	-	1	1	1
5.	-	1	1	1	1
6.	-	1	1	1	-
7.	-	1	1	1	1
8.	1	1	1	1	-
9.	1	1	1	-	1
10.	1	1	-	1	1
11.	1	-	1	1	1

Eight-results Pool (10 *selections*).

1.	-	1	1	1	1
2.	1	-	1	1	1
3.	1	1	-	1	1
4.	1	1	1	-	1
5.	1	1	1	1	-
6.	1	1	1	1	-
7.	1	1	1	-	1
8.	1	1	-	1	1
9.	1	-	1	1	1
10.	-	1	1	1	1

Seven-results Pool (9 *selections*).

1.	1	1	1	1	-
2.	1	1	1	-	1
3.	1	1	-	1	1
4.	1	-	1	1	1
5.	-	1	1	1	1
6.	1	-	1	1	1
7.	1	1	-	1	1
8.	1	1	1	-	1
9.	-	1	1	1	-

Six-results Pool (8 *selections*).

1.	1	1	1	-	
2.	1	1	-	1	
3.	1	-	1	1	
4.	-	1	1	1	
5.	1	1	-	1	
6.	-	1	1	1	
7.	1	-	1	1	
8.	1	1	1	-	

I have suggested that you use these tables to combine the selections you make from the list of teams I have given.

If you prefer to make your own selections in another way, do so by all means, as I know that many punters have their own pet methods of forecasting.

But as far as the tables are concerned, don't alter any of the columns. They are arranged to allow for an error in selection, and if they are altered this guarantee may be lost.

In some of the tables one match is included in fewer columns than are the other matches. Use this marking for the game about which you are least confident.

A surprise result in this match will then be less likely to spoil your entry.

Graded Guide Pools and Chart

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, April 15.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—X—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

April 15, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Wolves v. Charlton	1	X	
2 Manchester C. v. Burnley	1	2	
3 Blackburn v. Southampton	1	X	
4 Everton v. Preston	1	X	
5 Sheffield W. v. Notts F.	1	2	
6 Swindon v. Walsall	1	X	
7 Arsenal v. Manchester U.	1	X	
8 Northampton v. Exeter	1	X	
9 Newport v. Southend	1	X	
10 Aston V. v. Bolton	1	2	
11 Carlisle v. Chester	1	2	*
12 Rochdale v. Accrington	1	X	*
13 Rotherham v. Stockport	1	X	
14 Chesterfield v. Luton	1	X	
15 Crystal P. v. Bristol R.	1	2	
16 Grimsby v. Liverpool	1	X	
17 Notts C. v. Cardiff	1	X	
18 Doncaster v. Lincoln	1	2	
19 Wrexham v. Oldham	1	2	
20 Brentford v. Birmingham	1	X	*
21 Watford v. Brighton	1	X	
22 Bristol C. v. Reading	1	2	*
23 East Stirling v. Leith	1	2	
24 Alloa v. East Fife	1	X	
25 Huddersfield v. Chelsea	1	2	
26 Sunderland v. Leeds	1	X	
27 Derby v. Leicester	1	2	
28 Portsmouth v. Stoke	1	X	
29 Torquay v. Mansfield	1	2	
30 Bradford v. Sheffield U.	1	2	*
31 Morton v. Dunfermline	1	X	
32 Dundee v. Dumbarton	1	2	
33 Swansea v. Plymouth	2	1	*
34 Gateshead v. Halifax	2	X	*
35 Hartlepools v. New Brighton	2	1	*
36 St. Bernards v. Airdrie	2	1	
37 Southport v. Hull	2	1	
38 Clapton O. v. Q.P.R.	2	X	
39 Forfar v. Cowdenbeath	2	1	
40 Fulham v. Coventry	2	1	
41 Millwall v. Tottenham	2	X	
42 Port Vale v. Bournemouth	2	1	
43 West Ham v. West Bromwich	2	X	
44 Aldershot v. Ipswich	2	1	
45 Darlington v. Barrow	2	1	
46 Bury v. Newcastle	2	X	
47 Tranmere v. Norwich	2	X	
48 Blackpool v. Middlesbrough	2	1	
49 Crewe v. Bradford C.	2	X	
50 York v. Barnsley	2	X	

FREE!
"THE BOOK THAT MAKES WINNING EASIER!"
256 PAGES
This beautifully bound book is issued by
COPES
exclusively as a service to their clients
COPES OFFER YOU
THE CONVENIENCE OF A CREDIT ACCOUNT for EVERY CLASS OF BET
NO LIMIT
TO ODDS—S.P. OR TOTE & NO LIMIT TO WINNINGS
RESERVATION FORM
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racegoer's Encyclopædia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.
JB 829
Name
Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
Town
County
DAVID COPE LUDGATE CIRCUS LONDON, E.C.4

Race with "Silver Ring"

Tote Versus the Book

ADVOCATES of the Totalisator make much of the fact that, in the aggregate, winners return longer odds on the machine than in the ring. This summary may be true, but it is a very misleading statement for the casual punter to accept at its face value.

The only comparison of prices that you or I are interested in concerns those winners which we *might* have backed.

Look down the list at the end of the day, allow yourself as much latitude as you like, and in the light of your knowledge of the game, ask yourself which of the winners you *could* have risked money on. My experience is that the bookmakers pay the best odds against what I term the "possible" winners.

In the course of a week there are invariably a few "impossible" winners. They are returned at 25's or 33's in the starting-price betting, and they may be 150 to 1 on the Tote. But who cares two hoots *what* odds the Tote or bookmakers pay about such cattle?

It is true, of course, that when a horse which neither owner nor trainer can fancy comes along to confound us the bookmakers have practically a "skinner," but the Tote returns to one or two clients the stakes taken, less 15 per cent.

The Tote, however, is a winner for its percentage on *every* race, whereas bookmakers have a 10 per cent. margin on precious few occasions, and frequently they are heavy losers on a race.

Note, also, that the winners over which they lose are the winners that you or I would be most likely to back.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 13, to Wednesday, April 19.

B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93
N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: UMO96R96 would read DOMAHA. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. L96HUT952 would read CARDIFF.

HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia. JB

LOSE THAT BACKACHE!

Vigour and vitality ooze away when kidney action weakens. Badly-filtered blood burdens you with backache, dizzy attacks, headaches, urinary disorders, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, stiff, inflamed muscles and joints, swollen limbs, renal dropsy, rheumatism, lumbago or sciatica.

Take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills to strengthen your weak kidney action. The diuretics, antiseptics and stimulants in this special kidney medicine will flush and invigorate the kidneys and urinary system. At the same time the medicine will destroy bacteria in the urine without harming or irritating the urinary channels.

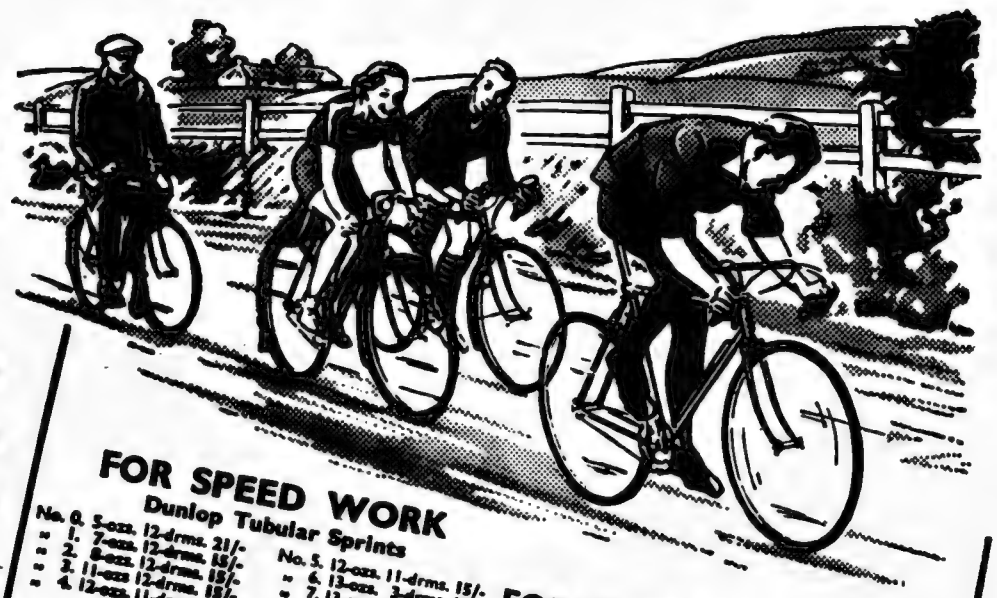
When the kidneys are healthy they will soon filter away the poisonous impurities which are causing your pain and discomfort, pure blood will nourish the nerves, tissues and joints, and you will be ready and able to tackle the day's work. Doans Pills do not drug the system to give temporary ease; they ensure permanent relief by their direct action upon the kidney filters. JB

INSIST UPON DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

The Springtime call of the road

Now is the time for cyclists to check up on their tyres. Most riders when they think of tyres automatically think of DUNLOP.

There is a Dunlop tyre for every type and class of cyclist, and for every type and class of cycling, whether it be speed work, club work or "every-day" work.



DUNLOP
CYCLE TYRES

FOR SPEED WORK
Dunlop Tubular Sprints

No. 0. 5-ozs. 12-drms. 21/-
" 1. 7-ozs. 12-drms. 18/-
" 2. 8-ozs. 12-drms. 15/-
" 3. 11-ozs. 12-drms. 15/-
" 4. 12-ozs. 11-drms. 15/-
No. 10. 17-ozs. 10/6
No. 5. 12-ozs. 11-drms. 15/-
" 6. 13-ozs. 3-drms. 15/-
" 7. 13-ozs. 14-drms. 15/-
" 8. 11-ozs. 6-drms. 15/-
" 9. 13-ozs. 8-drms. 12/6

FOR CLUB WORK
Dunlop Sports Tyres

Dunlop Road Racing, Dunlop Sprite, Dunlop Silver Sprite, Dunlop Speed, Dunlop Sports, Dunlop Sprite Tandem, Dunlop Tandem.
Prices from: Covers 6/- to 8/6
Tubes 2/3 to 2/9

FOR "EVERY-DAY" WORK
Dunlop Roadster Tyres

Dunlop Fort, Dunlop Magnum, Dunlop Roadster, Dunlop Edinburgh, Dunlop Cambridge, Dunlop Champion, Dunlop Jubilee, Dunlop Cruiser, Dunlop Invader.
Prices from: Covers 3/3 to 8/6
Tubes 1/6 to 3/-

FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE!

9H/320

[redacted]

LIVERPOOL VIRUS
THE SAFE RAT & MOUSE DESTROYER

won't harm dogs or cats

BUT IS DEATH TO RATS & MICE

From Chemists: 2/6 & 1/6. (The 1/6 size is for small infestations of mice only.)

For details of free Advisory Service and Special Commercial baits write to:—Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd., Liverpool.

[redacted]

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

STOMACH PAIN

At the first sign of Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn or Acidity, turn to the remedy which is recognised for the sure, speedy and lasting relief it brings.

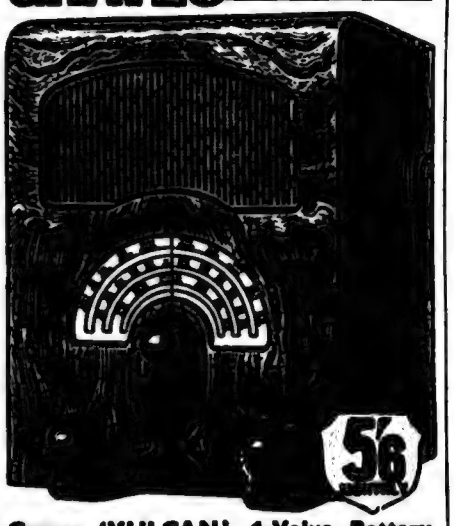
1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets. New: Slide-top pocket tins (50 Tablets) 1/3; also 6d. size (15 Tablets).

Look for this signature. It's your safeguard

Alex. C. Maclean

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery
THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET
is the World's greatest Radio success.

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price £6:17:6

WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery Sets Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

URACE

FREE SAMPLE! From Bleiberg & Phillips, Ltd., 18m, Stukeley St., London, W.C.1. From your chemist, 1/6 & 3/-

PUT AN END TO RHEUMATISM

YOU ARE THE JURY!

Consider Your Verdict—No. 2

A woman was beaten to death in a Glasgow basement. A man of eighty and an attractive girl were suspected.

STANLEY BISHOP, our famous crime reporter, tells the story, explains why the jury found the girl guilty and asks—

Do you agree?

NO doubt at all: James Fleming, of Sandyford Place, Glasgow, was an unpleasant old man.

For years he had made a great pretence of being religiously devout. He went regularly to church. That was plain hypocrisy. Unctuous, miserly, callous, flint-hearted and crafty, Fleming was a drunkard with a sink of a mind.

Though he was eighty, he still had ideas about women—the ideas of a street-corner boy a quarter his age.

Not a likeable character, but not necessarily a criminal, capable of brutal murder—as half the people in Scotland thought him.

It is this problem of old Fleming's character that I ask my Reader Jury to ponder, and, after studying all the material facts, to solve.

Two questions will have to be answered: Was he a killer? Was a woman wrongly convicted for what he did?

On a Monday afternoon in July Glasgow police were called to a big, well-furnished house in Sandyford Place—then one of the better class residential roads of the city.

JOHN FLEMING, the agitated householder, took detectives to the basement, and there they saw Jessie McPherson, the family cook-general, a strongly built woman of thirty-five, lying dead by the side of a bed.

She was only partly dressed, and had been killed by vicious, powerful blows from a heavy chopper. It was lying in a corner of the room.

There were bloodstains in the bedroom and adjoining kitchen, but it was obvious that some effort had been made to clear them away, for parts of the flooring were still damp with washing.

One patch in the bedroom had not been touched, *and there, clearly marked, was the impression of a naked left foot.*

It was the print of a woman's foot—slender and shapely, not a print which could possibly have been left by Jessie McPherson.

Police knew that another woman must have been in the house about the time Jessie died. Who was she? What part had she played in the crime?

"GATHER them together"—the senior detective ordered his sergeant—"I am going to take a statement from everyone in the house."

To guide my jury I cannot do better than give an exact summary of the two most important statements as they were written down by a detective clerk:

"My name is John Fleming, and I am the rated occupier of this house. By occupation I am a chartered accountant in the City of Glasgow.

"Living with me are my wife and children, and also my old father, James Fleming. He has a room of his own in the house, and, although he is over eighty years of age, is employed in a minor position as a rent-collector by my firm.

"Jessie McPherson was engaged by my wife as domestic servant more than six years ago, and has always been a good, reliable woman.

"On Friday last my wife, the children and myself went away to the seaside, leaving my father in the house with Jessie McPherson to look after him.

"We arrived back this afternoon shortly after five o'clock. My father was in the house, and greeted me with the news that Jessie McPherson had gone away. He had not seen her since Friday night, and the door of her bedroom in the basement was locked.

"Accompanied by my father, I went down to the basement, and was at once alarmed to see what appeared to be stains of blood in the kitchen.

"I tried the door of the woman's bedroom. It was locked, and I could see there was no key in the lock. So I forced the door

"Then I saw her lying on the bed. It did not need more than a glance to tell me she was dead.

"My father, just behind me, saw her too, and cried, 'Poor thing. She must have been lying there all this time with me in the house.'"

Old James Fleming next sat down before the police officer, and in a mumbling, disjointed way told what he knew.

LAST he saw Jessie, he said, was on the Friday night. She was ironing, and he went to bed at nine o'clock.

Next morning he was surprised that Jessie did not bring his porridge at eight o'clock.

He was surprised to find that the front door was not locked—as it should have been—but was only on the latch.

He decided Jessie had gone away for some reason, probably intending to return during the week-end.

Saturday and Sunday passed, with the old man looking after himself as best he could.

On Sunday he went twice to church, wearing his broadcloth frock-coat suit and tall hat.

On Monday—still without news of Jessie—he did some rent-collecting in the city, returning home in the afternoon to await the arrival of his son and family.

No, he had not noticed anything amiss with the kitchen. He had not even noticed the blood stains on the floor or blood stains on a pile of linen he had handled and put away.

Then police discovered that a large quantity of silverware had disappeared from the pantry dresser.

A description of these articles was immediately sent to all jewellers and pawnbrokers.

Meanwhile, officials decided that old Fleming's account of the week-end would not hold together at all. He was arrested on suspicion.

They were considerably put out soon after to hear that the silver had been pawned by a Mrs. Jessie McLachlan, an attractive young woman of twenty-six, formerly, as a single girl, in service with the Flemings, and a known friend of the murdered woman.

Well and truly, with the freedom permitted in those days, Glasgow detectives "ran the rule over" pretty, frail Jessie McLachlan.

Her story was as weak as that of old James Fleming. According to her, on the Friday night James came to her

(*Continued on page 38*)

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION

Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

VARNENE THE FINER OIL VARNISH STAIN

RENOVATE YOUR WOODWORK THIS EASY WAY

'Varnene'—the easy-working Oil Varnish Stain—ensures a hard-wearing high-gloss finish to Floors, Furniture and Woodwork. 'Varnene' stains deeply and will not readily chip or scratch

Obtainable from Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. *In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony Black and clear (Colourless) Varnish.*

TINS 6d., 1/- and 1/6.

VARNENE PRODUCTS, LTD., LONDON, W.6. 9/39/39

Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

CONQUERED HER SKIN INFECTION

Walthamstow, E.17.

Dear Sirs,

While attending a dog suffering from a skin disease, I managed to catch the infection. I had all sorts of ointment, but got no benefit at all, indeed at times the irritation was terrible. I decided to try *Germolene*. I heard it was a good ointment — good is not the word — it is *wonderful*, because from the moment I applied it, it was like a gift from Heaven. A neighbour of mine was laid up with a bad foot — I asked him to try *Germolene*. He did so and his foot is quite healed. Every household should have *Germolene* on hand.

Thanking you, Yours truly,

—(Signed) (Mrs.) F.S.

SKIN HEALING MAGIC

"Skin-Healing Magic" — that is the only way to describe the wonders performed by GERMOLENE. It soothes at a touch and quickly banishes

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PIMPLES, BOILS, CHILBLAINS, RASH,

the most extensive of open wounds, the most alarming of skin diseases are healed! Get a tin of GERMOLENE yourself TO-DAY!

6d. Per Tin 1/3, 3/- & 12/- Sold Everywhere

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.

Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc A 1,000 Bargains Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide —Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assrtd. articles 10/- 48 cups, saucers, 4/- Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, Bamber

SMALL Traders, apply for free 128-page guide of up-to-the-minute lines.—L. Frankenberg Ltd., 37, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

DRAPERS.—112-p. Illus. Spring Catlg. Post Free. Covers all depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest Selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. Guid. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & M.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

SELL direct from our Free Catalogues of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods. Shopkeepers, Traders and Beginners should write to Dept. J.B., The Houndsditch Warehouse Co., Ltd., Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

TEA AGENTS WANTED in all districts. Excellent profits. No experience required.—Send for details to Sealon Tea Co., Mitcham, Surrey.

EMPLOYMENT.

G.P.O. Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-23. Excellent prospects. Free Details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 337), 17-19, Stratford Place, LONDON, W.1.

POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1939 (FREE). Contains information on Pay, Prospects and new Entrance Department for all Forces. — Prospective recruits (aged 19-25) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 802), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Excellent pay and prospects with pension. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of vacancies and preparation therefor apply, Chambers College (Dept. 819), 235, High Holborn, W.C.1.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE.—Attractive careers offered to keen young men aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 3s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult.—For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES. The new Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams. for all branches of the service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

DRAUGHTSMEN. — Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Aeronautical and other branches of Engineering, Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 17-40. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, prospects, etc., FREE from B.I.E. (Dept. 382), Staple Inn Buildings, W.C.1.

POST OFFICE VACANCIES. — Both sexes—aged 15 to 23—no experience.—For full particulars of posts available throughout the country, salaries, etc., apply B.T.I. (Dept. 631), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study to receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS.—Send to-day for Free Book, "Salesmanship" to Dept. 19A, WALLACE ATTWOOD COLLEGE, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 2/6 1,000; other lines cheap. Samples free with leaflets, "Business Helps."—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

PRINTING.—Cards, Memos, B'heads, 100 1/9, 200 2/6. Handbills, Scentcards, Timesheets, Stamps, Ties, 11, Oaklands Grove, Ldn., W.12.

RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post — the modern method of trading? Advertise bargain line in John Bull's famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. SEND for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills from 3d. per roll. 250 patterns post free.—OSBORNE MILLS, Dept. 9, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

A FOLDING CAMERA for 15/-. Perfect Landscapes, Portraits, Groups, etc. Write for particulars to Soho, Ltd. See advert. on page 2.

HOOVER, LTD. offer you genuine Rebuilt Hoover Cleaners, fully guaranteed, as low as £4. See their advert. on page 3.

10/- MONTHLY secures modern Remington Home Portable Typewriter. Get full particulars of this offer by filling in the coupon on page 28.

NOW is the time for cyclists to check up on their tyres. There is a Dunlop for every type and class of cyclist and for every type and class of cycling, whether it be speed work, club work or "every-day" work. A full list is published on page 31. Turn to it now for reference.

EVERY home should have an Acme 55 Portable Cleanser-Wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illus. booklet, 68, describing models, sizes, prices, etc., to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David St., Glasgow, S.E. See page 28.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words. Minimum Charge 10s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication. Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London.—W.C.2

DON'T overlook the wonderful Mattress offer of Pryce Jones in the large display advertisement on this page. It can be obtained for 23/- cash (part postage 2/6 extra) or 6/- down and a few monthly payments. A spring base upholstered in damask to match the mattress is also offered for 27/6, plus part postage.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., made from genuine Red Cedar. Will not warp, crack or shrink. Beautiful appearance. From 27/6, or 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY. Send for FREE Illustrated Catalogue.—R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

REGULAR SPARE CASH FOR YOU.—Useful EXTRA money can be made by keeping poultry —but you must go about it in the right way. Whether you contemplate starting now with a few birds in the garden or you've kept Poultry for some time—be sure to see the splendid 1939 edition of the "Feathered World" Year Book. On sale now, this invaluable book of nearly FOUR HUNDRED PAGES is packed with practical information and expert advice—essential help that solves every poultry problem —that makes poultry-keeping REALLY PROFITABLE. Send 2/6 P.O. to-day for your copy to "Feathered World," Dept. J.B., 9, Arundel Street, London, W.C.2

This LUXURIOUS SPRING INTERIOR MATTRESS for

35/- CASH PLUS 2/6 PART COST of CARRIAGE OR 6/- DOWN & 6 MONTHLY PAYMENTS of 5/6

★Brocaded Damask Cover. ★180 Spiral Steel Springs. ★Piped Edges. ★Hygienic Upholstering

This is a veritable masterpiece! There is no sagging, no lumpiness, no drooping to the centre. The enclosed spiral steel springs give perfect support, conforming exactly to the contour of the body and yielding to the slightest movement. Beautifully made in rich brocaded damask with 180 spiral steel springs, strengthened by cross spiral coils and covered with pure hygienic upholstery, strongly tufted and finished with piped edges. Efficient ventilators, and strong handles. In Rose, Blue, Green or Gold. Sizes 4 ft. or 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, to fit 6 ft. 6 ins. Bedsteads.

For best results the Interior Spring Mattress should be used on our Spring Base, which is strongly sprung and upholstered in damask to match the mattress.

PRICE 27/6

Plus 2/6 part cost of carriage.
Or 4/6 down and 6 monthly payments of 4/6.

Our NEW 152-page Catalogue crowded with money saving bargains FREE.

I wish to take advantage of your Special Offer and I enclose cash value 37/6 (35/- Plus 2/6 cost of carriage).
*I enclose 6/- Postal Order for the Spring Interior Mattress, and agree to pay regularly six monthly instalments of 5/6 to complete the purchase price. If not fully satisfied I will return the mattress safely packed and you will refund my money in full. *I am over 21 years of age.

Name .....
If married state Husband's name .....
Address .....
Occupation .....

If you have previously bought from us please state.....
*Details necessary for Instalment Terms only.

Name .....
Address .....
.....

PRYCE JONES LTD. NEWTOWN. MONT.

SPRING in the garden.—If you like making your garden just a little different get a copy of the April number of "GARDENING," edited by Richard Sudell, F.R.H.S. Contains 23 articles and features and 93 magnificent illustrations—160 pages of practical ideas, layouts, and diagrams. Other outstanding contents: How to succeed with rock plants, the art of landscaping, an easily-built rose arbour, also the famous gardening calendar (what to do in April), etc., etc. Another thing, "GARDENING" slips into the pocket, making it easy to read and easy to carry. It is Britain's most beautiful Gardening magazine. Price 6d.—on sale everywhere. Look for the cover showing marvellous Lupins in full colour.

GET a copy of the Pluvex Handy Guide to Gardening, Poultry-keeping and Garden Shed Construction. 56 pages—thousands of hints. A book to refer to every day of the year. You can get it for 3d., post free. Fill in the coupon at once on page 28. If you prefer, you can write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 3d. in stamps, to The Waterside Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers . . . a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keeper's Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to:—Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.24, 62, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.) 21 Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A FREE Sample of Urace Brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered on p. 31.

HEADACHE AND COLDS successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and Certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 19), BLACKBURN.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd (120Y), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

WORMS CURED. — Arlico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive cure for removing the causes. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Generous Supply or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

MRS BARTON, The Belt Specialist, would like to send the special list dealing with New Type Belts for Ladies. See announcement on page 3.

IF you suffer from Catarrh, don't overlook the Nostroline advert. on page 29, in which a free sample can be obtained for a trial.

FREE.—Send a p.c for a generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. prescription.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.W.15), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4. See p. 38.

SUFFERERS from rheumatism are offered a sample of a new remedy on page 26. 3d. stamp will bring this and full particulars from The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

TONE up your system. Cleanse the blood of winter impurities and daily eliminate fat-forming residue by taking two Bile Beans brand Pills every night. Purely vegetable, you can take them with perfect safety. See Back Cover.

TEST SAMPLE and free 64-page book, "Nature's Healing Powers," for all sufferers from gastric and digestive troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 27, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Sunteno, Ltd., 56, Exchange Walk, Nottingham. Attach 6d. stamps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

NEW INDIVIDUAL CARD GAME similar to Whist, Bridge, etc., for 2, 3, 4 or more Players. Send 2/6 for full instructions. Ordinary Playing Cards.—Brown, 45, Trinity Court, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.19), 21 Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

THORN'S Garden Sheds and Greenhouses are easily erected. All in sections. Just bolt together—that's all. Models in Cedar or Deal. Lowest prices. From 2/- down. Catalogue free:—Thorn's (Box 23), Brampton Rd., Bexleyheath, Kent.

IF you are going to buy your house, let the Abbey Road, London's largest Building Society, help you. See page 24.

TO make a really nice and delicious Castle Pudding use Borwick's Baking Powder. An excellent recipe is given in the announcement on page 26.

FREE.—Pryce Jones' 152-page catalogue is crowded with money-saving bargains. It's a wonderful book. Fill in the coupon in the display advt. on this page and a copy will be sent to you free and post paid.

ALWAYS insist on the best and buy John West's Middle-cut Salmon. You can't buy a better brand of Salmon. John West's is the plumpest part of a prime fish, gently cooked to mouth-watering tenderness—a feast for a hungry family. See page 23.

PLEASURE and economy in your smoking. Park Drive Cigarettes at 1s for 6d. will double your pleasure, yet you get 5 extra cigarettes that you normally pay for 10. You can obtain them plain or cork tip (mild). Also 10 for 4d. and 5 for 2d. See page 18.

TAKE your holiday early this year, when you get extra hours of sunshine, avoid overcrowding of late summer and can travel in comfort. Information will be supplied if you write, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, Ldn., W.2. See p. 23.

FREE to mothers. Valuable book, "BABY"—a wise, complete and simple guide to happy motherhood and healthy babyhood. Also Nestle's Supplementary Feeding Charts. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Nestle's Milk Products, Ltd. (I.P.312), 6a, Easicheap, London, E.C.2. See page 27.

BE FIT, FEEL FIT AND KEEP FIT! Be a superman! You can do it easily by filling in the coupon on page 5 and obtaining full particulars of the "World Beater" course of home training for the small sum of 1/- per week. Apparatus is sent free. Pupils can participate for valuable cash prizes which are being awarded month by month on progress reported. Act at once. Turn to the offer on pages 4 and 5 and send for full particulars by filling in and sending the coupon.

KEEP your hair in good condition. Avoid baldness. There is no longer any need for any man or woman to lose his or her hair. Apply Silvikrin. It clears up dandruff, stops hair falling and naturally makes new hair grow. Pure Silvikrin, the concentrated natural hair food, is what you need. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, protect it and maintain it in perfect condition with Silvikrin lotion. See page 29.

FREE.—If you are troubled with rats or mice, write, mentioning *John Bull*, for free advice to Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., Liverpool, proprietors of the famous Liverpool Virus, the safe rat and mouse destroyer. This offer is contained in the announcement on page 31. If, therefore, you have any particular problems relating to rats or mice, don't hesitate to write for details of this free Advisory Service and Special Commercial Baits.

OF all the fuel that is fed into the furnace of the modern locomotive, only about 15 per cent. is turned into driving force. But what a different story with the human body! Of the daily food fuel consumed at least 20 to 60 per cent. is needed for productive energy. Thus you can realise how important it is to see that your system receives the right kind of fuel regularly. Wheat, acknowledged the greatest and most valuable of all nature's fuels for the human body, comes to you in Shredded Wheat in a form that makes it so easily digestible that all the goodness and rich body-building elements are absorbed quickly and easily into your system. Thus new energy and vitality is created, protecting you from dangerous ills, keeping you healthy and ready for work and play.

WATCH FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF KIDNEY TROUBLE

If you Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys your Pain will go

You complain of backache, rheumatism, stiff, swollen joints. You have dizzy spells, begin to feel too old. Perhaps bladder trouble worries you at nights. HEED THIS WARNING — weak, clogged-up, sluggish kidneys are the cause of your pain and suffering. You will never stop your trouble until you cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. With confidence we state that there is no finer kidney medicine in the world than De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

De Witts Pills act at once on weakened kidneys. They stimulate these vital organs to healthy activity, enabling them to filter the pain-causing impurities from the system. That is why De Witts Pills give such blessed relief in kidney trouble and all its painful symptoms.

Start with De Witts Pills to-day, and you will once again feel fit and vigorous because uric acid and other poisons are being regularly eliminated.

DEWITTS Kidney & Bladder **PILLS**

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

INDIGESTION

First Dose Gives INSTANT RELIEF

If you have suffered with indigestion you know only too well the misery and pain that it causes. There is no need to describe the daily torture caused by Indigestion. You only want to know one thing—*"How can I get relief quickly and stop this day-by-day trouble that is wrecking my health?"* The answer is—*"Start with De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion to-day."*

These are the reasons why De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes digestive disorders even of a long-standing and chronic nature. This quick-action remedy gives instant relief because:—

1. It at once neutralises the sour, acid stomach.
2. Its colloidal-kaolin content soothes and protects the stomach lining.
3. It actually digests a portion of your food.
4. You eat what you like, enjoy it and know that your food is keeping you fit and doing you real good.

Get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder for Indigestion to-day and prevent the development of more serious forms of Indigestion.

DEWITT'S Antacid Powder

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections. Of all Chemists, price 1/6, double size, 2/6.

The Rev. E. Ebrard Rees tells the Churches—

5,000 Parsons Must Have Jobs!

Can the bishops do nothing!

THERE are about 32,000 parsons in this country, and about 5,000 of them are unemployed.

They belong to more than twenty sects; in training and outlook they differ—the only big thing they have in common is their unemployment.

Any kind of unemployment is horrible, but to a parson it is overwhelming. He has *nowhere* to turn in his need.

There is no benefit for these 5,000, as they are not insurable against unemployment. Because the Law says that they are not employed.

They have no charity to help them. Instead they are expected to distribute charity to others.

One unemployed parson I know distributed over three pounds a week to destitute and deserving people eight years ago. Now there is no kind hand to give him a shilling or two.

Parsons are careful of many things, but they are not careful of their own future. I know of no fund of any kind that they have organised as a protection if bad times come.

Because a long and specialised training, lasting from five to ten years, is necessary before entering the Church, few parsons are fitted for any other jobs when they find themselves not wanted by the Church.

In the homes of the unemployed parsons suffering is acute, terrible and unadvertised.

There is a dignity left; there is some pride. But what is the use of either when a family wants bread? Books go; furniture goes.

As in other work, the man over forty finds it almost impossible to get a new start.

Churches demand young men who can mix with young people, and although few of these youngsters are much under thirty, they soon become too old for fresh jobs. It is no use arguing with Church lay leaders that experience in religious matters counts more than experience in other work. Scores of parsons are forced into retirement and unemployment simply on the count of age.

Yet there is no lack of work that parsons could do. The shocking fact is that there are 6,000 churches without ministers, each church praying, begging, scheming for one.

These 6,000 churches cannot afford to pay. In hundreds of cases the parishioners themselves are unemployed and cannot pay a minister's salary, however much they wish.

Big salaries are not the obstacle. There are hundreds of ministers working for seven days a week on £1, or little more. But many of the 6,000 churches cannot afford even the subsistence wage.

A call back to religious things is urgently needed. It can be done only by trained leaders. The unemployed ministers must be put in their jobs again. First, those ministers who are still at work must somehow learn to share and pool their incomes with the less fortunate.

Secondly, a revival of the old idea of people giving financial help towards the spiritual life of the community must come.

A Church going at full pressure with no unemployment in the ranks of its leaders would make a mighty difference to the nation in a year or two.

Consider Your Verdict

Continued from page 32

with the silver, and asked her to pawn it for him.

Although Jessie McLachlan strenuously maintained she had not been near the Fleming house in Sandyford place for months, she had no firm alibi for the fatal Friday night.

The police confirmed that she was *not in her lodgings* that night.

More important was the discovery that two of the dead woman's gowns were in Mrs. McLachlan's room, and that her footprint was *exactly similar to the naked foot mark* by the side of the body.

So the old man was released, and Jessie McLachlan arrested in his stead, charged with the murder of her friend.

SHE pleaded "Not guilty" and added, on the advice of her lawyers, "without reference to that plea, she (the prisoner) specially pleads that the murder was committed by one James Fleming."

With so unique a pleading the onus of proof against James Fleming lay with the defence.

He was called for the prosecution and gave his age as eighty-seven, though the defence tried to make him admit he was at least ten years younger.

In the box he made the most of his old age. He wore spectacles, which he had never been known to do before.

Summing-up strongly against Jessie McLachlan, the judge emphasised the motive of gain, the opportunity and the lies told by the prisoner.

"Guilty," said the Scots jury of fifteen unanimously.

The defence played their last card. Counsel asked leave to read a new statement made by Jessie.

It was a lurid attack on James Fleming. For the first time, McLachlan admitted visiting the house on the Friday evening, when she found the old man and Jessie McPherson drunk yet still drinking neat whisky.

Jessie McPherson, maudlin and weeping, accused "garanddad" of being an "auld deevil." She said that once before, when drunk, he had indecently assaulted her and had tried it again.

"Hauld yer evil, lying tongue," shouted the old man, and then sent Mrs. McLachlan to buy more whisky.

When she returned she found Jessie McPherson lying on the floor, moaning and half-conscious. She was wounded in the head, and Fleming was holding a chopper.

Jessie McPherson became worse and lapsed into unconsciousness. McLachlan said she was going to fetch a doctor. She ran to the front door, found it locked and the key gone, and returned to the kitchen.

In the few minutes she was away Fleming had turned on McPherson again with the chopper, and she was dead.

HE dragged the body into the bedroom and set about washing the floor. In his agitation he upset a pail of bloodstained water over McLachlan's stockings and dress.

She took off her stockings to dry them—that accounted for the bare foot print—and put on a gown belonging to the dead woman in place of her sopping skirt.

The old man gave her the silver, telling her to take it away so that it would look as though a burglar had killed Jessie McPherson.

That sensational statement on behalf of the prisoner could not affect the procedure of the court, because the jury's verdict was "Guilty."

And passing sentence of death, the judge remarked: "There is not on my mind a shadow of suspicion that the old gentleman had anything to do with the murder."

Well, the Scottish and English public did not agree with him. Execution was postponed for three weeks

No new evidence of any great weight came out, but what did substantiated the theory of old Fleming's guilt.

It was revealed as a possible motive that Jessie McPherson, some years before had a child, believed to be his.

JESSIE McLACHLAN'S sentence was altered to imprisonment for life.

She served fifteen years, went to the United States and married again.

Some time after her reprieve she made another statement. She confessed she had murdered her friend while under the influence of laudanum. But straight away she withdrew the confession.

Well, there is the problem to solve: Did James Fleming or Jessie McLachlan kill Jessie McPherson?

My own opinion is the two survivors of that dreadful orgy in the Glasgow basement were so drunk and so affected by drugs that they had complete mental "blackouts."

Remember the old man's age, and that McLachlan was a drug addict until cured in prison.

There may have been—quite probably was—a general drink-maddened row between the three; the two women turning against the old man.

On the whole I should say it was the hand of James Fleming that struck the fatal blows.

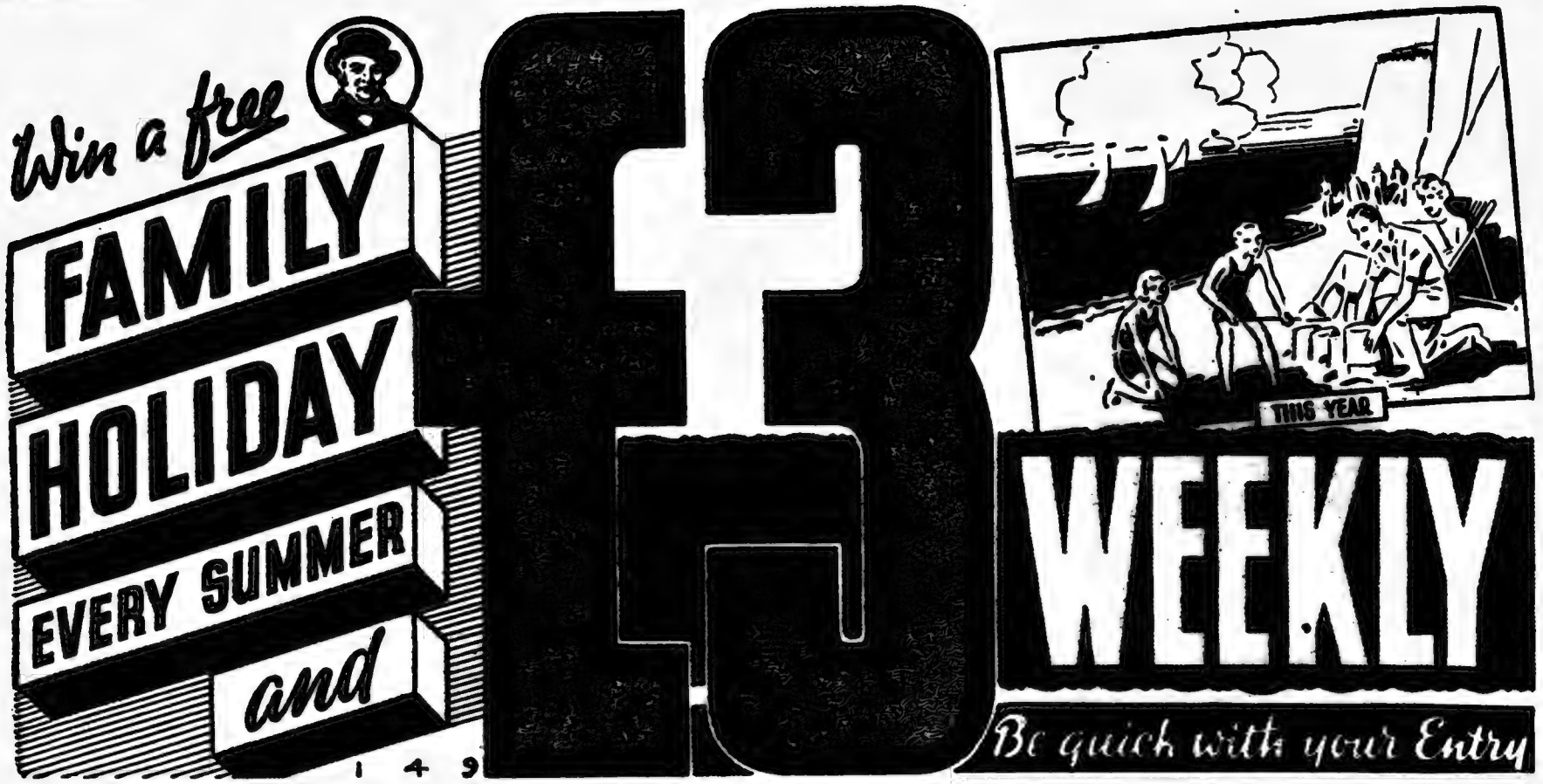
Perhaps you, and the jury, do not agree. It is for you to decide.

'Well, what's in the news?'

Player's are always in the picture...

Fresh happenings . . . changing events. But day by day, the quality of Player's remains constant. Bringing pleasure to cigarette smokers everywhere. Always a source of enjoyment because of the excellence of the famous Player tobacco.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD : PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED · 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.



Be quick for that FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE!

Look out for him on Friday, April 28

BEAT your rivals in JOHN BULL's first great Holiday Crossword Offer of 1939 and the arrival of your golden First Prize Joy Wire, on Friday, April 28, will speedily be followed by £750 in solid cash.

The first of your Weekly Pension Cheques will thrill you the same week and then will come the pleasant planning of the first of your glorious Family Holidays, to be provided yearly by JOHN BULL as long as you live.

Nearly 100 outright winners in our famous Crosswords, 38 of whom are drawing Prize Pensions from Long Acre, have proved that the 3-in-1 Holiday Giant is well within your reach.

Make up your mind to let nobody beat you to this enormous Crossword Prize and start now on the Clues below. **Your entry must be posted on or before Thursday, April 20.**

ACROSS CLUES

1. One which starts in small way occasionally develops rapidly and becomes hard to control
3. Public interest is worked up when powerful men fight these
6. Fuss
8. Police may want to trace after burglary
9. Stockbroker frequently suspects one in his share dealing
14. One in play may have to be wide-awake
17. You wouldn't expect good one to go for a copper
18. Finish
21. Much damage to transport may well be done by this
23. Amount of this is important in race
24. It's aggravating when game of football is held up by

DOWN CLUES

1. Losing this is apt to be annoying
2. National emblem of England
4. A good deal can certainly be done to make one brighter
5. Disney created a great one when he introduced Mickey Mouse
7. Electrician sometimes has to use, in course of his wiring work
10. There are some occasions when it's necessary to make a claim for one
11. There's sometimes bad feeling when youngsters do this
12. Often rather shallow
13. Long one will sometimes bend quite a lot
15. Doctors frequently have to rely on in emergency
16. Notion
19. May be used for garment
20. One naturally does this when felling
22. It may be an improvement if this can be made lighter

CLOSING POSTMARK—Thurs., April 20

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 27.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted; two squares allowed FREE with each six paid.

2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, April 20, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Friday, April 21.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 4. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 9, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

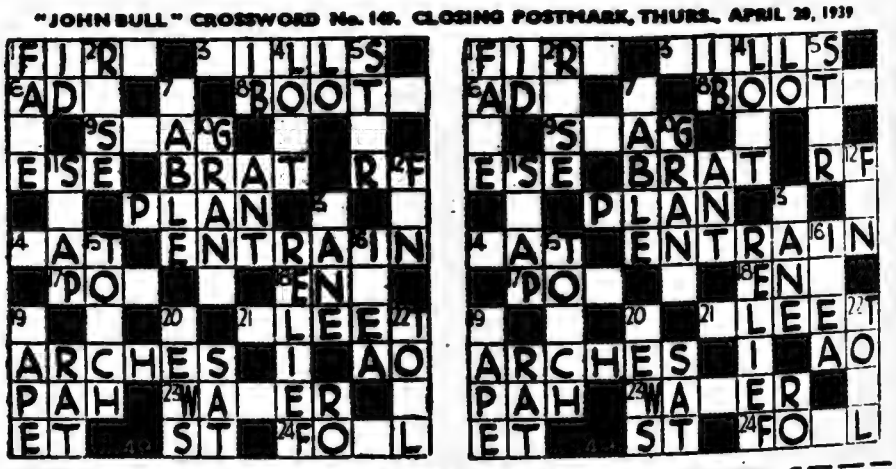
5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £1,750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

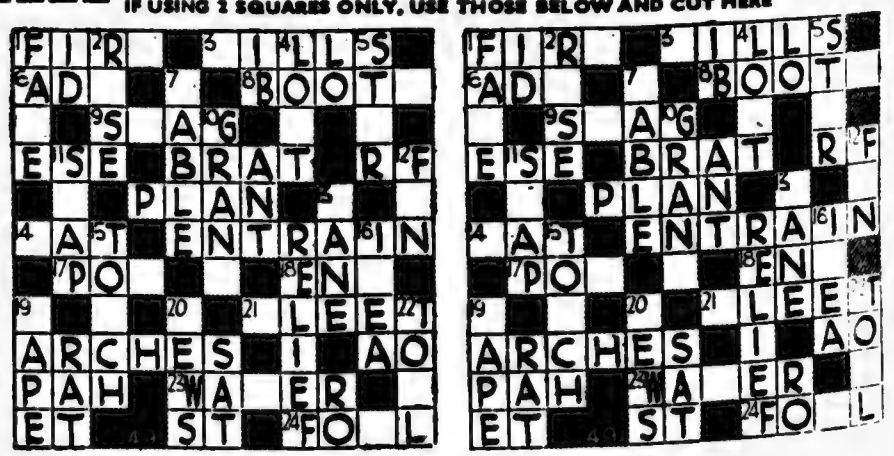
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., APRIL 20, 1939



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

2 SQUARES **6d.**

4 SQUARES **1s.**

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

£200 DOUBLED HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

Additional £100 Cash

Between Runners-up who submitted 8 squares or more, including 2 FREE, or equivalent on "Time-Sava" Entry Sheet

YOUR YEARLY HOLIDAY CAN BE TAKEN WHERE AND WHEN YOU WISH - COSTING UP TO £25

FOR LIFE PLUS £750

or if winner prefers, lump sum of

£1,750 Cash

CLOSING POSTMARK THURS. APR. 20

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES, including FREE "BULLETS."

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross it /& Co./. Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 149, and *Bullets* No. 1,167, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing *postmark* of Saturday, April 22, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crosswarders with 2 extra days if also entering for *Bullets*.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

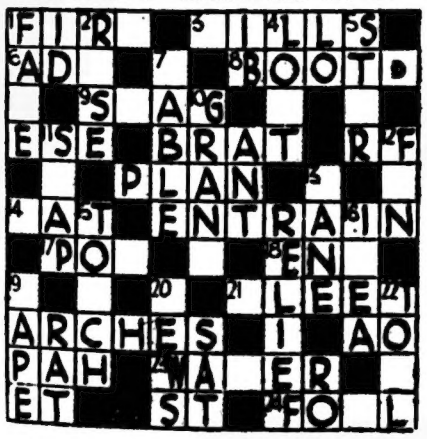
APPLY QUICKLY IF YOU NEED EXTRA SQUARES

For this Special Contest only, you may send as many entries as you wish, and may enclose all in the same envelope. Other squares appeared last week; for additional supply send at once a penny postcard to JOHN BULL'S "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, stating number of sixpenny Entry Forms required. Supply limited, so apply at once.

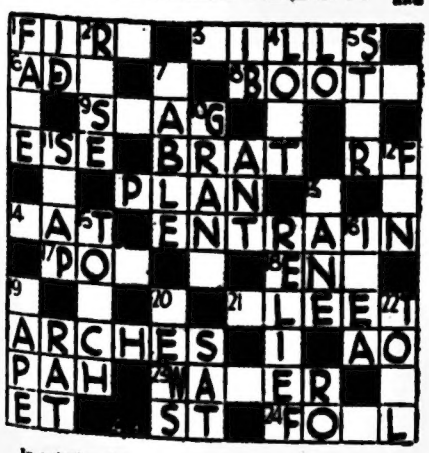
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 149, "JOHN BULL," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

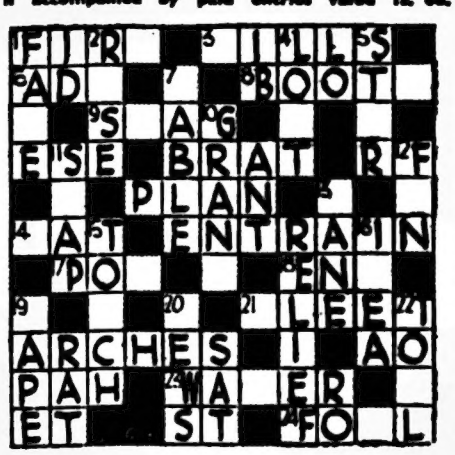
CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 149. CLOSING POSTMARK, THURS., APRIL 20, 1939.



FREE SQUARES BELOW Available only for "John Bull" Crossword No. 149, and if accompanied by paid entries value 1s. 6d.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d. allowing 2 SQUARES FREE

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

3 BIG CHEQUES WON
IN CROSSWORD No. 147.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 147, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following three competitors:—

Miss M. HESLOP, 20, Westwood Ave., Five Lane Ends, Bradford.

F. N. PEARSON, 8, Pitman Rd., Weston-super-Mare.

Miss L. TAYLOR, 47, Upper Mount St., Dublin.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a cheque for £200 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, April 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £200 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 489 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 8s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A special Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of the entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square above.

Two blank spaces indicate that at these points DISH or FISH and GALES or GAMES were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette." Secure your Free weekly copy by enclosing with your Entry the "Gazette" Coupon below.

WINNING WORDS

ACROSS.—3. BEET. 5. BOW. 6. CLUB. 8. ORE. 10. EIGHT. 14. RATE. 16. PEP. 18. DISH or FISH. 20. DAB. 22. TAPE. 23. GALES or GAMES.
DOWN.—1. SHOE. 2. EAR. 3. BOATS. 4. PUSH. 7. LEG. 9. FEE. 11. TAG. 12. HACK. 13. SHED. 15. WHIM. 17. BOOT. 19. HUTS. 21. FAG.

SEND FOR THIS FREE HELP!

"The *Crossword Gazette* is far and away the most valuable help one can have."

Those are the words of one of our 38 Crossword Life Pensioners, Mr. A. Charlton, 31, Pollard Street, Bethnal Green. They are echoed by a host of other big winners, who between them have won more than £200,000 with the aid of this bright little weekly.

Remarkable new BLOT-PROOF paper has now made the *Crossword Gazette* even more valuable to would-be winners. Let this Reservation Coupon bring you the free guidance that has helped so many winners to a big success!

X-WORD AID COUPON

You are invited to enclose this with your Crossword entry.

I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage on NEW BLOT-FREE "Crossword Gazette." Please arrange:—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply. (Cross out line which is not applicable.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

ECZEMA — SKIN RASH —

READ THIS NURSE'S TESTIMONY to D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION

Nurse K.D., C.M.B., Ealing, writes: "I have put D.D.D. Prescription to severe tests. One was the case of a girl with a horrid sore scalp. I applied D.D.D. Prescription and to-day I had the satisfaction of seeing scales and sores almost gone. The second was the case of a woman with eczema all over her face. After the third day it was scarcely visible. For myself, I have applied it to my own face, which is suffering at the moment with a somewhat unsightly rash which irritates frightfully. The D.D.D. Prescription has taken away the inflamed appearance of the rash, cooled the skin and allayed irritation; its general effect being most soothing."
D.D.D. Brand Prescription can safely be recommended to give instant relief and quickly overcomes eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, ulcers, boils and unsightly sores. Splendid, too, for Dandruff. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 1/3 a bottle.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE — A generous free trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription will be sent to all who forward name and address to D.D.D. Laboratories (Dept. M.N. 25), Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4.

D.D.D PRESCRIPTION

"BU_LETS" RESULT

(Continued from page 39)

8 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

B. COOPER, 47, Church Street, Coatbridge, Scotland.
Dad's Money—"Lump" That "Poker" Reduced!

F. L. DAVIES, 1, Westbourne Grove, West Kirby-in-Wirral.
Surprising—Germany Hasn't Banned Bulrushes!

E. E. HARRISON, 120, Norris Street, Preston, Lancs.
Best Girl—Grandpa Tearfully "Seeing Home."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

R. H. HOUGHTON, 240, Castle Road, Chatham, Kent.
Hearing Nothing — Optimist — "Eleventh Hour" Striking.

P. H. LISK, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey.
Makes Him Mad—And "Muzzles" Henpeck, Too!

A. W. MacGILLIVRAY, 64, Southville, Clapham, London, S.W.
If I Were Chancellor—Sleepless—I'd Count Bicycles.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. W. READ, Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorset.
He's A Little Man, So—Wifey Had Sink Lowered!

T. WHARTON, "The Arches," Tamworth, Staffs.
There'll Be Trouble If—Pacifist Shares Grandpa's Shelter!

A list of 30 winners of £2 10s. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards may be seen at these offices.

Serious OPERATION ordered for PILES

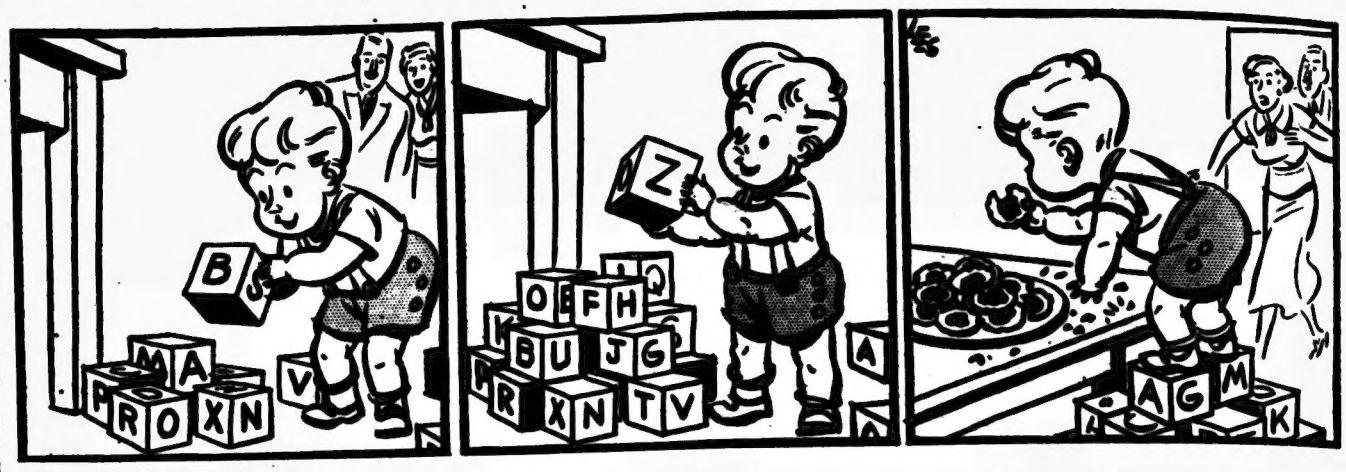
TORTURED for years with painful piles, Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended ——— Hospital," she writes, "and then St. ——— Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation, but I objected; I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"

Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- and 5/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

★ FREE 64-page Book and Test Sample of Suntona

Sufferers from gastric and digestive troubles should fill in the coupon on p. 27 for valuable booklet and test sample (6d.) of SUNTONA—Nature's way to health. Attach 6d. (P.O./Stamps) with your application. Turn to the offer on p. 27 NOW!

The Kid Comes Back - - - by LEES



The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated

Upset the Vicar—Choir-boys "Fighting Good Fight!"

MRS. W. N. (Didcot).—"By accident I came across a most illuminating document to-day. It was a revelation to me." Your husband's income-tax return?

MRS. J. (Felixstowe).—"I am sure my son will turn out to be a far smarter man than his father." See letter below.

MR. J. (Felixstowe).—"My son is a clever lad. He says nobody will catch him getting married." See letter above.

L. S. (Wantage).—"Dabbing cold water round one's ears will often cure a bad headache." Small boys will prefer to put up with the bad headache.

D. J. B. (Castleford).—"Hopping round the bedroom first thing in the morning is a healthy exercise." A comforting thought for anyone who stubs his toe on the bedpost.

L. A. (Worksop).—"Their age often decides the value of a good many things in this world." Eggs, for instance.

Miss C. C. (Salford).—"I'd like to see any man try to kiss me." We admire your frankness.

T. T. (Blackburn).—"Why do we say that the ghost walks on pay-day?" Because that's when our spirits rise.

F. V. (Penzance).—I am training my son so that he can carry on my flea circus after I retire." You are bringing him up to scratch?

R. M. (Dover).—"I had to come here from Calais yesterday, but, as I am a very bad sailor, can you guess how I came over?" Yes, queer.

G. F. (Alton).—"The man to whom I refer said that he worked for you. Was he ever on your staff?" He was once on our staff but never worked for us. That's why he's on the staff no longer.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

GLAMORGAN GAZETTE:—"H. T——, the Welsh Rugby INTERNAL scrum-half, gave evidence . . ."

STAR:—"They were both well dressed and neither spoke with any ACCIDENT."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"You don't want tight collars to interfere with the circulation of your BRAIN or you may faint."

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—". . . for having no Road Fund licence, and £1 for having no THIRTY party insurance."

FAVERSHAM AND NORTH-EAST KENT NEWS:—"Mr. R—— (the headmaster) stated in the CURSE of his report . . ."

EVENING STANDARD:—"A film caught fire in the operator's room and reflected a red NIGHT on the screen."

R. E. (Jarrow).—"He used to be a chiropodist, but now he runs his own hairdressing saloon." Apparently he has worked his way to the top.

A. N. (Yeovil).—"A sense of humour keeps one young." He who laughs, lasts.

J. H. (Liverpool).—"The character of a man can be told by his writing." Is that why you typed your letter?

B. T. (Staines).—"He has spotted winners for years." A rocking-horse painter, presumably.

G. J. (Lingfield).—"Actors dislike people entering the theatre when the curtain is up." Or leaving it.

H. N. (Bude).—"I was named after the most famous of England's admirals." So were we—a long time after.

N. W. (Melksham).—"The wireless jokes of to-day are no worse than those of ten years ago." Of course not. They're using the same ones.

M. L. (Frodingham).—"After all, it requires a good nerve to face a dentist." Though it's usually a bad nerve that drives one to it.

A. T. (Nuneaton).—"I slipped and fell from the railway station platform and bruised myself badly on the metals." Hard lines!

E. N. (Grendon). — "What would happen if I inadvertently pulled the communication cord?" The train would stop.

C. N. V. (Epworth).—"The less my wife wears, the more it seems to cost me." You must be hoping she won't join a nudist colony this summer.

ASTRONOMER (Cambridge).—"The stars supply the gardening expert with a lot of information." For instance, seeing a lot of them informs him that he has left the rake lying about?

Mrs. K. H. (London, W.).—"My husband said that I should be ashamed of myself paying three guineas for a hat." We suppose you thought he couldn't afford more?

L. S. (Ramsgate).—"Have you and your wife chosen your new car yet?" No, she hasn't.

D. A. (Retford).—"How many cigarettes does your staff smoke a day?" Any given amount.

S. R. (Dudley).—"Do you know anyone who wants to sell his car?" Yes, our neighbour. We sold him ours last week.

H. J. (Cardiff).—"Contrary to popular belief, very few actors achieve fame overnight." No, most of them go from stage to stage.

A. R. (Sutton).—"He knocked at my bedroom door at six in the morning and made some far from complimentary remarks. Still, I don't mind what people call me." But you do mind when?

E. W. (Ely).—"What would you define as a fair division of labour?" You doing the youngster's homework while he fills in your football coupons.

M. N. (Southend).—"I had a row with the boss and told him we should practise more give and take." So he gave you notice and you took it?

C. B. (Polegate).—"I have bought the paint for the dining-room, and next week I will put it on myself." Then you will have to buy some more for the dining-room.

E. D. (Southport).—"When a man is mowing the lawn he finds that an hour soon slips away." So does the man if his wife doesn't watch him.

L. D. (Doncaster).—"I have a feeling that one day I shall wake up and find myself famous." With many people it is the other way about; they find themselves famous and then wake up.

E. B. (Repton).—"I ask you, what does any man want with half a dozen perfectly good overcoats?" Six perfectly good coat-hangers, we should say.

K. K. (Neath).—"Before I was married my husband used to call me an angel. Now he never calls me anything." That shows his self-control.

M. W. (Widnes).—"The washing powder I use is marvellous. I just pop one in the washer and it does half the work for me." Why not put two in and let 'em do the lot?

K. C. (Manchester).—"What has London got to show Manchester?" Win one of those three big Cash-plus-Celebration Prizes on page 39 and JOHN BULL will show you, with a Week-end you'll never forget.

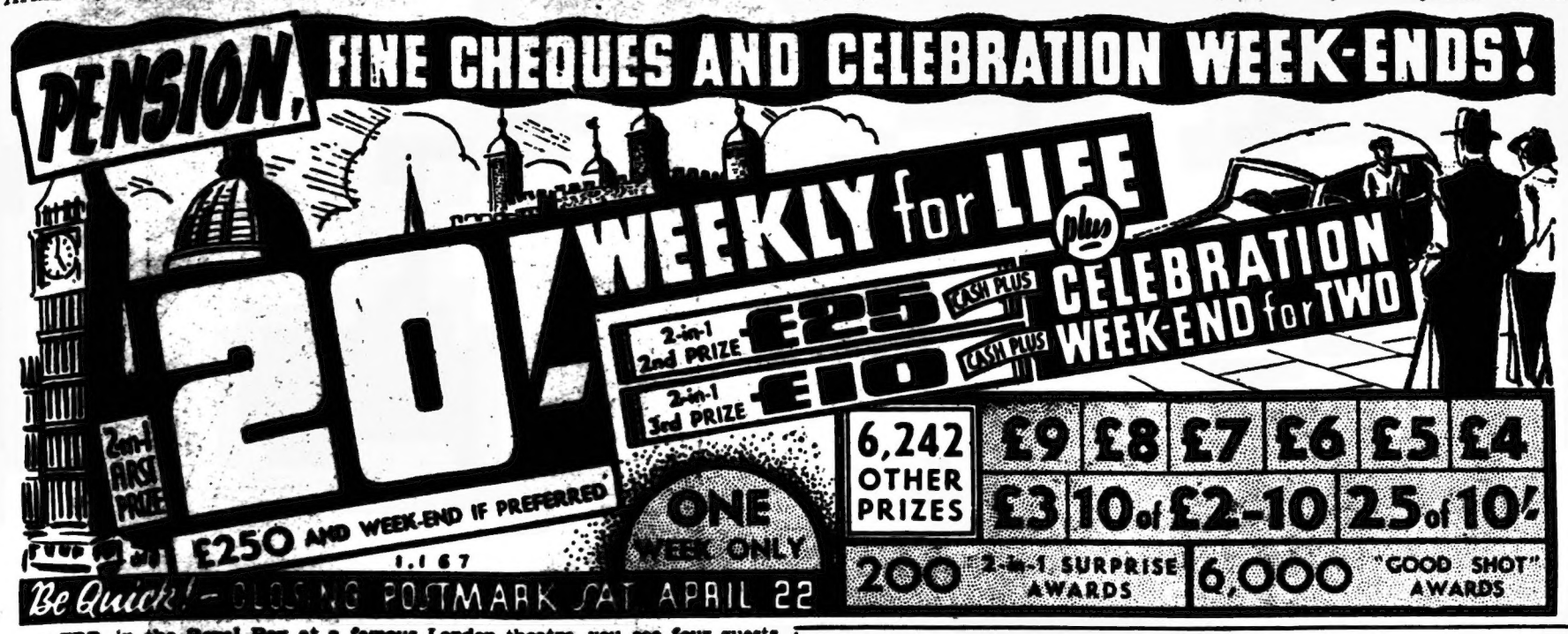
N. W. (Hendon).—"No words of mine are needed to praise the new type of dictaphone I've invented." It speaks for itself?

W. K. (Finchley).—"I have studied the art of speeding the parting guest." But what we should like to know is how to speed the one who won't!

S. P. (Ludlow).—Some surprising things are obtained from slot-machines nowadays." The proprietors even find real money in them sometimes.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.


PENSION,
FINE CHEQUES AND CELEBRATION WEEK-ENDS!
£20 WEEKLY for LIFE
2nd-1 FIRST PRIZE
£250 AND WEEK-END IF PREFERRED
2-in-1 2nd PRIZE £25 CASH PLUS
2-in-1 3rd PRIZE £10 CASH PLUS
plus
CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO
ONE WEEK ONLY
6,242 OTHER PRIZES
£9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4
£3 10 of £2-10 25 of 10/-
200 2-in-1 SURPRISE AWARDS
6,000 "GOOD SHOT" AWARDS
Be Quick! — CLOSING POSTMARK SAT APRIL 22

HERE, in the Royal Box at a famous London theatre, you see four guests of JOHN BULL. On the left is Mr. V. Mellors, a young Nottinghamshire poultry farmer, with his wife. With them are Mr. T. H. Shelton, a printer on the *Melton Mowbray Times*, with his fiancée, Miss F. Southerington.

Their visit to the theatre was but one thrill of a glorious Celebration Week-end recently enjoyed by these typical *Bullets* entrants and their companions.

Now JOHN BULL seeks another six guests for a week-end of luxurious sight-seeing and entertainment. The First, Second *and* Third prize-winners in this week's big Pension and Cash Offer will all be invited to enjoy with a companion a glorious Week-end Celebration at JOHN BULL's expense.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

"John Bull's" guests at the theatre

For instance, against the *Example*, TEAM OF NATIONS, you might jot down *Making Hitler Keep His Word*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, TEAM OF NATIONS—MAKING HITLER "PLAY CRICKET."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,163rd Contest on this page. Then turn to the *Examples* without delay, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, April 22.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,167) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 22.

Signed .....

Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,167) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 22.

Signed .....

Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,167) | Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 22.

Signed .....

Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

'BULLETS' 1,163 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE £400:

T. W. WHITWORTH, 17, Bermans Way, Neasden, London, N.W.

Example: WAR IS CRIMINAL, SO
Bullet: MUST "ARREST"—MUSTER REST!

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mrs. E. SUTTON, 15, Burlington Road, West Bromwich, Staffs.

Example: "Start To-morrow!"
Bullet: Biggest "Kick" Since "Boot."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

M. E. Cox, Gweneargy, Royal Esplanade, Margate.

Example: Best Girl
Bullet: To Test Girl, Mother.

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: J. CHRISTIE, Harryville, Ballymena, N. Ireland.
Humanity's Goal—*Preceded* By "Handshakes," Peace.

£15: R. G. BREWER, c/o 79, Spencer Street, Keighley, Yorks.
"Start To-morrow!"—Takes "Lead" From Tread.

£10: J. OSBORN, 15, Hawke Road, Ipswich.
Conqueror Franco—But Garland Hides "Millstone."

£9: T. S. ARNOLD, 26, The Nook, Cosby, nr. Leicester.
Impregnable Fortress—Island, Now Danger's "Penetrated."

£8: J. HARMAN, 83, Lodge Road, Redditch.
Best Girl—"*Flower*" Among The "*Butterflies*."

£7: E. B. DAVIES, 4, Church Street, Ammanford, S. Wales.
Hearing Nothing — Applicant — Suit Too "Loud."

£6: Mrs. M. BYRNE, St. Mary's, Trafford Park, Penrhyn Bay, Llandudno.
They Dream Of A Home, But—Can't "Put Parents Out."

£5: J. E. HOLLAND, 28, Hampton Gardens, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.
Wifey's Budget—"*Sheet*" Washing Out *Washerwoman*.

£4: W. SNAPE, 411, The Radleys, Marston Green, Birmingham.
Thanks To Television—Generals *Seeing* Next War!

(Continued on previous page)

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TEAM OF NATIONS
UMPIRE ROOSEVELT
LIKE A THUNDERBOLT
IN NATURE'S KINGDOM
WHEN CUPID WHISPERS
SHE FELL ASLEEP AND
UNEMPLOYED ARMY
HOW WE LIVE
WHEN SONNY'S PLAYING
HUMAN DYNAMO
FARMING WOULD PAY IF
SKILLED MAN
ANNOYED AUNTIE
FATHER'S PROPERTY
THEY WERE POOR, SO
TENDERLY
GRANNY AND GRANDPA
IN LIFE'S SUMMER
SHE'S A JEWEL, BUT
WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice below:

TO STOP .....
MADE MOTHER .....
WHAT ..... NEEDS
EVERY .....
HE'S A ..... SO
.....FOR THE TAXPAYER

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

ANOTHER £1,000 IN CHEQUES FOR A "BULLET" NEXT WEEK

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,167 and Crossword No. 149, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry Saturday, April 22.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,167, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....

Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,167 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £1,000 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,162 will be displayed in the window of S. C. Goodwin, 282, Wickham Road, Shirley, Croydon.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,167, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

SPRING is here again, and with it the new Season's fashions. But have you got that slender line which modern fashions demand—which Bile Beans can give you?

Bile Beans are the safe approved method of slimming. Being purely vegetable you can take them nightly with perfect safety.

Bile Beans tone up your system, cleanse the blood of winter impurities and daily eliminate fat-forming residue. Thus they not only rid you of unwanted fat, but give you a clear skin, bright eyes and radiant health.

Don't forget—two Bile Beans nightly.

"Bile Beans have reduced my bust and hip measurement by four inches, and have made my figure so much slimmer that now standard dresses and coats fit me perfectly. Bile Beans have also given me a clear skin, and keep me ever so fit."—Miss A. D., Cheshire.

• • •

"I am the manageress in a coat and gown shop and it's a pleasure to tell you that since taking Bile Beans regularly my weight is nearly two stones less. I'm brighter and more energetic and my health is splendid in every way."—Mrs. O. M. P., Bexley Heath.

• • •

"Bile Beans make dieting unnecessary. They have rid me of all surplus fat and so greatly improved my figure that I now wear my dresses to much better advantage. I am often complimented upon my slim lines.' "—Mrs. E. G. T., Liverpool.

By Taking

BILE BEANS BRAND PILLS

At Bedtime

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Post free Inland and Canada 13s. per annum; all other parts of the world, 15s. 6d. per annum. Postage: Inland and Canada 1d.; all other countries 2½d. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.'s Bookshops at 76, Boulevard Adolphe Max, Brussels, and 248, Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and Messageries Dorana, 4, Rue de Faubourg Poissonnière, Paris, France.